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George Lott Harrell

Harris Allen Jones

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MILLSAPS COLLEGE LIBRARY JACKSON, MISS.

THE HISTORY OF MILLSAPS COLLEGE.

The fact that so many boys and young men had to go out of the state in order to obtain an education in a school under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, caused in the minds of some of the most influential laymen and clergymen of the church a relization of the necessity of establishing a male college in Mississippi where these young men might receive an education without going beyond the bounds of the state. The nearest denominational school was Centenary College, located at Jackson, Louisiana, and there was an indisposition to send to school there owing to its inacessability from many parts of Mississippi. By a failure on the part of the North Mississippi Conference to respond to an appeal in behalf of Centenary, it became evident that the two conferences of Mississippi should turn their interests towards the establishing of a home school. The subject had been agitated for a long time and during the year 1888 it took definite shape, when at the session of the Mississippi conference held in Vicksburg, Miss., December 5th–10th, 1888, presided over by Bishop R. K. Hargrove, resolutions to the effect that a college for males under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, ought to be established at some easily accesable point; and that a committee should be appointed to confer with a like committee from the North Mississippi Conference on the probability of establishing the college. The committee consisted of L. L. Mellen, A. F. Watkins, W. C. Black, W. L. Nugent, L. Sexton and R. W. Millsaps. The committee of the North Mississippi Conference, held at Starkville, December 12th-17th, 1888, Bishop C. B. Galloway presiding, and which passed similar resolutions to those of the Mississippi Conference, consisted of J. J. Wheat, S. M. Thames, T. J. Newell, G. D. Shands, D. L. Sweatman, J. B. Streator. Thus constituted, the joint committee entered upon a great work, the result of which was the founding of an institution which is the pride of Methodism. The first meeting of the joint committee was held in the city of Jackson, Mississippi, on February 14th, 1889. After the purpose, which was to adopt means and to devise a

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plan of establishing a Methodist Male College in Mississippi, had been stated, Maj. R. W. Millsaps, who stands first among the philanthropists of Mississippi, ever ready and willing to do something in behalf of others, proposed to gve fifty thousand dollars towards establishing the college, provided the Methodists of the state would raise a like sum. Taking his own experience as a guide, he has placed the poor boys in a position where they cannot say as he said: "I pined over the hard misfortune that the doors of all the high schools and colleges in Mississippi were closed against me for the want of means." Drs. Wheat and Black were requested to draw up an appeal to the church to meet the offer of Maj. Millsaps, and Bishop Galloway was requested to aid in raising the Endowment Fund. The proposition of Maj. Millsaps was warmly received by the people of the whole state, and in less time than six months after the first action of the conference Bishop Galloway reported that he had received twenty-five thousand dollars in endowment notes. Every preacher in the two conferences was urged to preach one sermon at each of his churches on "Christian and denominational education," in order that the subject might be brought clearly before the people.

On March 6th, 1894, the offer of Maj. Millsaps was formally accepted and a vigorous canvass of the state was instituted. Rev. A. F. Watkins was the first financial agent. The others in order of succession were: Revs. J. W. Chambers, J. W. Cooper, T. S. West and T. B. Holloman.

The wonderful success with which the agent met in securing the desired amount proved that the cherished enterprise had become an established fact, and in consequence a board of trustees was appointed, to whom was given the power to procure a charter, to secure a location, and to do all things necessary to the opening of the college. The first trustees were: Bishop C. B. Galloway, J. J. Wheat, S. M. Thomas, T. J. Newell, R. M. Standifer, G. D. Shands, D. L. Sweatman, J. B. Streater, John Trice, W. C. Black, T. L. Mellen, A. F. Watkins, C. G. Andrews, R. W. Millsaps, W. L. Nugent, L. Sexton and M. M. Evans.

The charter of Millsaps College was obtained from the legislature of Mississippi at its session in 1890, whereupon the board fixed a day to receive proposals for the location of the college. Several places made offers ranging from twenty to forty-five thousand dollars and from twenty to eighty acres of land. Jackson, Grenada and Winona were the strongest applicants, and Jackson was selected, and the Hemingway place, commanding a view of the city and surrounding country, was selected as the campus upon which the college should be built. The college was known as the Methodist Male College until January 10th, 1890, when upon motion of W. C. Black it was given

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he name of "Millsaps College." Rev. W. B. Murrah, then vice-president of Whitworth Female College, was elected president on the first ballot. The election of the other members of the faculty resulted as follows: W. L. Weber, English; N. A. Patillo, Mathematics; G. J. Swearingen, Latin and Greek; A. M. Muckenfuss, Physics and Chemistry; M. M. Black, Principal of the Preparatory Department. There have been some changes and an increase in the number of the faculty. It now stands as above, with J. A. Moore instead of N. A. Pattillo, and R. S. Ricketts instead of M. M. Black, with the addition of E. L. Bailey, Assistant Principal of Preparatory Department; J. P. Hanner, Modern Languages and History, and Edward Mayes, Dean of Law Department.

The first session opened on September 29th, 1892. From the opening each session has been an improvement upon the preceding and now the college ranks among the foremost institutions of learning in the south. At the meeting of the board of trustees in June, 1896, it was decided to establish a Department of Law in connection with the college, and Judge Edward Mayes, ex-Chancellor of the State University, was elected Dean of this Department, which began its work in September, 1896. Several buildings have been added to the grounds since the opening of the college. Among them are the large and well-equipped gynasium, built by the efforts of the students, and the beautiful "Webster Science Hall," also the gift of Maj. Millsaps. In 1895 the first degrees were conferred by the college upon F. M. Austin, A. B.; J. G. Lilly, B. S.; and H. S. Stevens, B. S. Fifty is the number of the Alumni, who are a living and growing monument to the memory of the generous founder of Millsaps College.

GEORGE LOTT HARRELL.

A MISSISSIPPI AUTHOR.

In the college collection of books by Mississippi authors, there is pamphlet entitled, "English Grammar for Old Scholars and Young; by A. J. Wright." The copy in question is poorly edited, but at best it must be taken rather as a live teacher's protest against the grammars and grammar-teaching of thirty years ago, than as a serious contribution to language study. The author was worthy of a better memorial, a man of large information, a graceful writer, and, strange as it might appear to a reader of the "grammar," a very successful teacher of English. The pamphlet, it may be said in passing, was never used alone in class, but always in connection with some larger text-book of the time.

Mr. Wright came to Mississippi in 1859, having failed as a commission merchant in New Orleans. His father, James Wright, a prudent and successful business man, moved in the early forties to our southern metropolis, and laid there the foundation of a considerable fortune. Abram James, the subject of this sketch, was born at Cold Spring, near West Point, New York, Aug. 22, 1822. Here he spent his childhood and youth, working occasionally on the farm, going to school when he had to and spending more time than was good for him in wandering over the mountains, or lying under the shade of great trees while he read Irving's tales of ghosts and gobblins, and whatever else of the kind fell into his hands. To this period, and to these somewhat Bohemian habits, which grew upon him in spite of wholesome influences at home, might be traced a shyness and love of solitude which was late in life alternated in him with a boyish exuberance of spirit and an extravagant love of society.

From his home in Highlands, Abram was sent to college at the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut. At this institution he was a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Olin, and a fellow-student of Bishop John C. Keener, Dr. W. H. N. Magruder and others who have since become eminent in their several professions. How he graduated was a mystery to him and not altogether clear to the faculty. For while never wild in the worst sense of the term, he was irregular to a degree, studying by fits and starts, accurrate in unexpected places, and stumbling often when less gifted men walked secureiy. In nature study, so far as it had place in college courses of the time, he was greatly interested. The ancient classics he read with delight, and,

while never a painstaking student, managed to interpret the old authors with more than the average school boy's correctness. But it was what he read outside of the curriculum that chiefly formed his mind, and furnished him with that quaint learning which gave to his conversation its variety and charm. Soon after his graduation, Mr. Wright went to New Orleans and entered the counting-room of his father. For practical purposes in life nothing could have been more unfortunate. To live in our Crescent City fifty years ago was in itself a dissipation, especially to a young man with eyes to see and leisure to look about him. The picturesque was everywhere, variety without limit, contrasts the most striking in the people, their language, their customs and their habitations. Into these scenes young Wright entered with infinite zest. To get the most possible out of them, he learned to speak fluently both the French and German languages, and acquired some knowledge also, of Spanish and Italian. Thus equipped he studied life especially in its outre aspects more than he did business; and so it happened that only a few years after the father's death, his successors, the firm of A. J. Wright & Co., went to the wall. It was a complete failure, and the young head of the firm came out of it with nothing but an experience which, unfortunately, he seldom used to profit.

It would have been well for him if the only ill effects of his residence in New Orleans had been mental dissipation; but social drinking was the rule in those days, and Mr. Wright readily fell into the habits of the place and time. Not that he was ever a drunkard, but to the last he toyed with an appetite that brought him much sorrow and made small the results of a life that might have been eminently useful.

After his failure in business, Mr. Wright left New Orleans and came to the pine woods of Mississippi, making his home for a time with the family of Judge Jayne, at "Old" Brookhaven, near the site of the present town of that name.

Toward the end of the year he secured a school near Spring Hill, in Jefferson County. Here at Log Cabin, as he called his little home, he taught for several years, the sons of his good neighbor, Dr. B. M. Drake, and of other prominent citizens of the County. The school was small, but thoroughly of its own kind. Of discipline, as it was understood in those days, there was very little, of the use of text books not so much as might have been good for both teacher and pupils; but of teaching in its best sense, of education as exemplified in our best new methods, there was a great deal.

Some time during the war Mr. Wright was elected President of Port Gibson Collegiate Academy. This was at that time a mixed school, and for several years had a large patronage. For the success

it enjoyed not a little credit is due to Mrs. Wright, a lady of great refinement, over-careful, perhaps, in little things, but, in the main, a safe counsellor and an excellent example to the young ladies who boarded in her family. Her school might have prospered financially had not its President, like so many other teachers, counted twelve months to the year in estimating income, and ten only in estimating expenses. Such financiering, of course, could have but one result, and so, hopelessly in debt, he resigned his position, and in 1869 went to live with his son on a plantation, several miles from town. Here he undertook to run a market garden, and incidentally to show the capabilities of the South in diversified agriculture. His plans all failed, however, and in 1873 he returned to the school-room as Principal of Peabody High School at Hazlehurst. Three years later he moved to Canton, teaching there a private school, which for various reasons had only a limited success.

He then taught for a time at Cane Ridge, and afterwards at Rodney, in Jefferson County. In 1879 he was made Principal of the Woodville Female Seminary, where he died September 5, 1881.

That Mr. Wright succeeded in teaching can be accounted for only on the supposition that, with all his eccentricities of speech and manner, he had the root of the matter in him. In gravity of demeanor and in the proprieties which in that day were supposed to characterize the profession, he was greatly lacking. He protested all the time that he was trying to be good, and that it was the boy in him and not the "old boy," that led him to start for a walk at midnight, to play truant some times from church, or to spend a Saturday romping with the children in the woods. And here, doubtless, maybe he found the secret of his success in the school room. A large part of his nature seems never to have matured, and this very incompleteness kept him in sympathy with the young. He loved to study children and their ways, and the little folk did not tire of studying him.

"Interest children," he would say, "and you hardly need to govern them; set them thinking and you can generally make them think right." His theories were often wild, and not a little time may have been wasted in pursuing them, but his pupils came to feel that he also wanted to learn, and that they were helping him to do it. A friend, writing about his brightness and versatility in the school-room, says: "He carried sunshine into the valley of Long Division, and actually made a frolic of English Grammar." He had scant patience with what he called "text book-making dry-as-dusts." It took several languages to express his disgust at the tedious minutiæ of contemporary geographies, which he denounced as "broken doses of Irkoutsk and Timbuctoo." His own efforts at book-making were not successful, as the "grammar" shows, but it is no doubt largely due to the protests

and criticisms of those teachers who broke bounds as he did, that we have come to better books and methods.

It goes without saying that Mr. Wright was the best of company. His conversation, which, like that of most good talkers, often ignored the "con.", covered a great variety of subjects, and though some times extravagant and always discussive, was full of suggestion and had a distinct flavor of the best literature, ancient and modern. He was a good reader also, and loved to read aloud; so that an evening with him when in his best vein, was an event to be remembered. His interest in the classics was proof euen against their rough usage in the school-room. His love for Horace amounted quite to a passion, though he claimed to read Latin mostly by "main strength and intuition." It was a dream of his life to duplicate somewhere the Sabine farm of the happy Roman poet, with its "ager non ita magna," its "aquæ fons" and the "parva silva super his."

As a letter-writer Mr. Wright had a large local reputation as regards both quantity and quality. One of his patrons once said of him that he was the "out-writenest man in America." His epistolary style was charming. To one of his correspondents he would write sometimes every other day letters so bright and interesting that they were always welcome. On more than one occasion he was his own postman and after making a visit to a friend would leave a letter behind to be read when he was gone.

Mr. Wright was an enthusiastic horticulturist. It was a treat to walk with him in his garden; he invested his vegetables with an interest so human that one could hardly come away without feeling that he had extended his circle of acquaintance. He was withal a good botanist, a student of Agricultural Chemistry, and was familiar with garden literature from the earliest English writers to White and Peter Henderson. During the last decade of his life he contributed frequently to Agricultural papers North and South. Under the pen name "X. Ped." (ex-pedagogue) he conducted for a time the garden department of the old Southern Cultivator in which capacity he was well known to the readers of that journal.

But the purpose of this sketch is not to make an analysis of the fife and character of its subject but to give only such a view of him as might throw light upon the genesis of the odd little pamphlet whose discovery occassioned this writing. For the rest those who knew A. J. Wright would hardly consent to rest his claim to remembrance upon the authorship of the "grammar."

R. S. Ricketts.

"I SEEK A MAN."*

'Tis a familiar story, that told of Diogenes, the Grecian philosopher of old—how on one occasion he passed through the crowded streets of Athens, carrying in his hand a lighted lantern; when asked as to the purpose for which he carried this light and for what object he was seekiag with so much care, he made answer in the remarkable words that have come down to us through all the ages: "I seek a man."

No cry ever uttered by human lips so accurately expressed the need of every country of every time. Every nation, every people, every age, in its very necessity has called out for a man. Not merely for a creature who should be borne upon the shores of time, exist for a while and then pass away unknown and unremembered; but for a man who should answer the demands of his time, who should be a power for good in that station however humble in which he is born; a man who when he has fallen, it can not be said of him that he has lived in vain.

This necessity for a man has been shown in every great crisis of the world. Times have come in the history of every nation when with danger staring her in the face she has given utterance to her need of a man and has been answered by some great hero whose life was the salvation of his people. Nation has risen up against nation; war, famine and pestilence have ridden headlong over the world; empires and kingdoms yesterday flourishing in magnificent pride and glory to-day have gone down in destruction. And yet in all such crises there has appeared some great man who seemed to have been created for the emergency and around whom has been centered the history of his day. Thus answering the call of needy stricken times, have men risen up and made themselves immortal. In long ages past the Israelites, after centuries of captivity, called out for a man to break the shackles of bondage and lead the people forth, from out the desert came Moses. A hostile Persian army poured into Greece—across the Hellespont and into the plain passed a horde so great as to be described by Herodotus as "the living tide which for seven days and seven nights Asia poured into Europe." 'Twas then, in desperate danger, Greece called out for a man and Leonidas, with his immortal three hundred, died in saving

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his country. At another time in the history of Greece, ten thousand of her soldiers marched under the leadership of "Cyrus the Great" into the country of the Persians. Cyrus fell in battle, his Generals were treacherously slain. The ten thousand, hundreds of miles from their own country, surrounded on all sides by a hostile people, had need of a man, brave, wise and strong to lead them safely home; they found him in the person of Xenophon, who came forward and led them thither over a retreat which has excited the wonder and admiration of every successive age.

Who can think of the history of France without remembering the "reign of terror" and then that the very greatest of soldiers and leaders—Napolean Bonaparte? Or who can be familiar with English history and not know of the fall of Charles the First and the coming of Oliver Cromwell? America in her times of tribulations and her seasons of trials has developed some of the greatest men of the world. The tyranny of a mother country called forth a Washington, a Jefferson, an Adams—men whose lives shaped the destiny of our nation and whose names will stand forever upon the pages of our history. After a period of bloody Civil War, the hearts of the North and South beat in bitter enmity against each other; suspicion and distrust made a seemingly impassable gulf between the two great sections of our country. 'Twas then we had need of men, unselfish, magnanimous, patriotic. There arose an L. Q. C. Lamar, whose broad-minded patriotism and yet manly firmness did much to hasten the re-clasping of those hands which had so bitterly warred against each other. Such men as these, even Diogenes in his high appreciation of the essentials of manhood could not have passed by un-noted.

The figure of the world balanced upon the shoulders of Atlas, a great gigantic man is not without significance. The strides of the world in her progress onward, upward, higher, higher, has ever been upon the shoulders of her great men.

A new land of vast immeasurable resources to be discovered and opened up for the advance of civilization cried out for a man and Christopher Columbus the poor Italian navigator appeared on the scene. Science called out for a man to dive into her depths and bring to light her still hidden treasures for the perfection of the world and in answer to this call came Edison the inventor, whose life has become of immense benefit to the whole world.

Thus there has been no night in the history of the world so dark but what has been illumined by the light of some great life. There has been no advance in the material civilization of the world but what has been born of the genius and power of some great man. And here it might be said that immortal only in that nation which produces great men. As far as outward splendor and wealth were concerned,

Babylon had no rival among the nations of ancient times. But she put no estimate upon her men; "thus her heart-throbs whatever they were got explained in no history, interpreted in no philosophy and lived in no life. Into oblivion has fallen all that bejewelled and pampered life that revelled in her palaces and amid her far-famed hanging gardens. Among none of her luxurious inhabitants did she develop a man to commit the keeping of her secrets and the record of her progress. Over her history has settled the stillness of the desert and the gloom of eternal night." How different Greece, who flowered in her great men—"No tooth of time, no war's bloody hand, no devastation of the year's can take from her the glory which she lifted and locked in the genius of her generals, her statesmen, her orators and her philosophers." The difference in the two histories is after all the difference between man and fellow and is the essential difference between every rising and declining nation. It is the difference between mind and matter; between the immediate present and the immeasurable future; between the temporal and the eternal. It is that difference which leads the one to be satisfied when his immediate wants are supplied and the other who realizing the infinite possibilities of a human life looks forward to the future. It is that difference which makes the one a citizen of that community in which he first sees light and the other a citizen of the world, that makes one related to his ancestors and the other to the human race.

"This is the difference between the miser, despised of all, and the philanthropist, honored of all. This is the difference between the debauchee and the saint; between the man who lives for his God and his race and the man who pours himself out on his lust and his passion."

Now if in her nights of dark despair the world has produced her heroes, if for dome very great stride in her material progress the world has called out for her men, so in her constant onward march from day to day she utters the selfsame cry. Whether it be in private professional or political life we need men who will make duty their very watch word and who from day to day will "do with their might, what their hands find to do." If in private life spent perhaps in the more lowly anc less frequented paths, tho' his voice is never heard in legislative halls and his name never reaches the pages of history yet his earnest, honest life, his constant well directed toil, his voice ever raised and his hand ever ready for the good of his community all mark him a man—"Let not ambition mock his useful toil." If in public or professional life realizing that his life is more than the making a living or the amassing of wealth he will put forward every effort, strain every sinew, develop every faculty that he may carry the work of his life to the highest possible point and so far from submitting to med-

iocrity he will "make his life sublime." If in political life he will rise above the "pipe-laying," "pin setting" politician of the day, above the temptation to selfish gain at public loss, above if need be the ties of party lines themselves and give the easting vote in favor of the unbiased immeasurable good.

A man in whom the patriotism of a Washington is not a "dead issue," in whom the virtue and magnanimity of a Lamar is stil alive. 'Twas through that spirit which showed itself in the devoted Regulus that Rome, from her seven hills conquered and for a long time ruled the world. 'Tis through the devotion of a Jackson, the virtue of a Lamar, the wisdom and devotion of a Washington, that America must continue her progress to perfection.

To day the world, yea our very native land is echoing and reechoing that cry—"I seek a man" and a glorious future awaits him who is able to answer the call. Their names shall be numbered among the great men who "like immortal ships sail the Ocean of Time bearing the treasures of civilization which gave them birth; who outride the fury of all storms and will sail on till the stars grow old, the Sun grows cold and the leaves of the Judgement Book unfold."

H. B. WATKINS.

"AND WHICH."

An accomplished literary critic takes up the cudgels for the split infinitive—that is, for the right of free men to strongly differ, and not to differ strongly, from purists who would even forbid the use of "and which." He says the split infinitive is essential to the vigor of the national speech; and he defends "and which" on the ground that the best French writers, in the same connection, write "*et qui*."

Of old the giddy writing man
Was told by stern grammarian,
If he would with a conscience live,
To shun the split infinitive,
And never venture to enrich
His budding essays with "and which."

But now the connoisseur of style
Greets these injunctions with a smile,
Asks why tradition should deter
The scribe who wants to greatly err,
Any why, in Gallic prose. we see
No interdict upon *et qui*.

Soon may this great example spread
Where grammar grips the urchin's head,
Where teachers daily imprecate
The tongue that drops the aspirate.
That tongue will cry from desk and bench,
"There ain't no 'orrid 'h' in French!"

—*The Sketch.*

"THE UNITED STATES IS."

The following letter from the distinguished jurist and scholar, David Dudley Field, deals admirably with an important point of language, and we are assured states views in regard to which Prof. Hill and all the department of English at Harvard are wholly at one with Mr. Field:

STOCKBRIDGE, June 15, 1893.

Dear Sir: You have been so kind as to send me your interesting work on the "Foundation of Rhetoric," for which I thank you. The service that you have performed for the preservation in its purity of our common speech is not a small one, and I trust that it may help to stem the tide of a hybrid language which seems to be setting in upon us. To go no further, think of the word "combine," used as a noun, which, taken from the slang of a band of thieves, seems not unlikely to be lifted as a word of good birth into our mother tongue.

I have observed with especial gratification your condemnation of an expression too commonly used by careless writers, and sometimes by those who should know better. I refer to the ungrammatical and ill-sounding phrase of "The United States is," with variations of she, her and herself. No wonder that Bryant denounced it when it began. I wish that his example had been always followed, for never was there a phrase in use with so little to commend it. For convenience it has no merit, inasmuch as "they," "their" or "them" can be written as quickly and spoken as glibly as "she," "her" or "herself."

The first, best and decisive reason for the former is that the Federal Constitution designed the United States as plural. Thus in Article III, Section 2: "The judicial power shall extend to the laws of the United States and treason made under their authority." Section 3: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enimies."

Has the civil war made any difference in this respect? See the 13th article of the amendment: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

Not only did the framers of the Constitution set before us this model, but the early Presidents and statesmen, in their messages, dispatches and State papers, without exception, so far as I can discover,

made their language conform to the model. Should not those reasons suffice for every true American.

The usage of which you complain is contrary to the grammar of our language, which requires a plural verb for a plural noun. I remember that years ago, during the fierce but now half-forgotten struggles of the period, one of the parties got hold of a letter of one of the candidates, which, by aid of much imagination and possibly a little untruth, could be made to read as if written, "our sufferings is intolerable," perhaps because the last letter of suffering had a twist to it. This, however, was enough for the morality of party warfare, and it was trumpeted from one end of the land to the other, as proof of the candidate's ignorance. Now, by the whirligig of time, comes up a pretension to foist the false grammar of 1840 into the true grammar of 1890.

This new phraseology is, moreover, contrary to our own usage in other respects. Has any American historian ever written or spoken of the New England States, that they was settled by the Puritans? Has it ever been asserted of New York and New Jersey that they is contiguous States, or of the States in general, "They is all one." Suppose we look for parallels in other countries. The customs of Switzerland have been united, some or all of them, in a sort of Federal compact for many ages. Who ever wrote of them that the United Cantons maintains her neutrality among European States?

The provinces at the outlets of the Rhine have been united time out of mind, sometimes under a stadtholder, sometimes under a grand pensionary, sometimes under a king. Who ever thought of saying that the United Provinces of the Netherlands was once the rival of England? There is a dominion to the north of us composed of several provinces. Do the Canadians write that their provinces was bound together by the statute of Dominion? There is an empire of Germany across the water consisting of not a few separated states. Do the Germans say that their several kingdoms and grand duchies is or was consolidated by the Franco-German war? I do not affirm that such language was never used, but I have never seen it written or heard it spoken.

Then as to euphony, which is a matter of some importance, more, I think, than it is generally thought to be, in forming the manners and tastes of a people, what American is there who does not feel his teeth set on edge when he sees or reads such an ill-sounding expression as the United States is or was or has undertaken this enterprise or that.

Lastly, as to its political significance. If you write the United States is or was or has, you help to strike out of their escutcheon the words "E pluribus," you omit the last three words from Mr. Chase's

famous aphorism, that this is "an indestructible Union of indestructible States." Some people think that this is of no consequence. In their easy-going lives they fancy that all is well within and without. They deceive themselves. In our own history we see unmistakable proofs of a strong flood-tide setting in toward Federal authority. To go no further than the Chinese Deportation Act of the last session, enacted and upheld upon the plea of Federal sovereignity, it needs no prophet to foretell that if the foundation of that enactment be not dashed in pieces the incoming century will see this nation either broken into fragments or conveyed into a consolidated republic—another name for a depotism, which would be but a prelude to anarchy, and that but a prelude to an empire, and that but a prelude to an emperor and military dominion. But I am not going into a political homily, and content myself with expressing my conviction that there is every reason, in our history past and present, in the strife of parties, in the conflict of interests, why we should keep ever before us, and repeat on all fit occasions in our school rooms, our academies and colleges, in our lectures and reviews, that ours is a nation composed of autonomus states, whose existence in the plentitude of their reserved powers is as essential as is the Union itself. Faithfully yours,

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

Adams Sherman Hill, Professor Harvard University.

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

SHUBUTA!

[In his paper, "Mississippi as a Field for the Student of Literature," which he read last winter before the Mississippi State Historical Society, Professor Weber urged that Indian place-names be studied. He wrote: In some names there is, to be sure, little of poetry. The fact that Shubuta means "sour meal" does not serve as a trumpet-call to the writing of a sonnet. Mr. Taylor, feeling moved to disprove the suggestion that Shubuta is an unpoetical name, wrote the following sonnet]:

"Shubuta!" What a world of pathos lies
In that reproachful Indian term, sour meal!
We modern husbands easily can feel
From what experience did its use arise.
From scalping or from deeds of like emprise
Toward ev'ning homeward did the warrior steal.
What rosy visions did his mind reveal
Of well-cooked bread and prehistoric pies!
He entered, sate him down, and at first bite
His brow became a black as blackest night.
A sudden tear upon the bride's cheek showed;
"Shubuta!" he exclaimed, and downward threw
The recent bread, o'erturned the canine stew,
And for his supper to the club he strode!

—J. R. Taylor.

TO HOPE—TO BIND.

Some months ago Judge Mayes had a dream which, if not quite unique, is at least decidedly interesting. The judge thought that he was listening to a lecture on English philology and that the lecturer had under discussion the specific topic of Teutonic roots. The lecturer, in the course of his remarks, laid down the familiar proposition that a fundamental idea underlay each of these roots, and cited by way of illustration the two werbs *to Hope and to Bind.* These verbs, he added, were so radically different in meaning that they could not by even the most fanciful association of ideas be brought into any part of connection with each other.

Challenged by this unwarranted assertion the judge set to thinking and with the aid of the Muses, whom in other days he was not ashamed to serve, put the lecturer to confusion and produced a little poem which takes one right up the heights of Parnassus.

There is nothing startling or new about this sort of thing. Every schoolboy knows that the mind does not necessarily fall asleep with the body. Students have been known to "dream" the solution to difficult problems in mathematics, while everybody is familiar with Coleridge's famous version of *Kubla Kahn.* We are inclined, therefore, to give the judge credit for a considerable latent talent for versification, if not indeed for real poetic gifts.

The judge, however, is not sure that he was not simply recalling in his dream something that he had read and possibly committed to memory, and would be glad therefore to be pointed to the original if his verses are only a copy.

The poem, which the judge got up in the dead hours of the night to write down, is as follows:

Hope is the hand that binds our wounded hearts,
And bids the bleeding tissues heal;
Its clinging strength new force imparts,
Nor lets the failing pulse congeal.

Hope is the tie that binds us, firm and true,
When life is wrecked and all seems lost,
On some strong raft that bears us through
The sea, by stormy billows tossed.

Hope is the chain that holds our lower life,
With stronger links as years roll by,
Thro' doubt, thro' sin, and Time's stern strife,
Securely to the throne on high.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF MILLSAPS COLLEGE.

H. B. WATKINS.....Editor-in-Chief
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H. T. CARLEY.....Literary Editor
G. L. HARRELL.....Y. M. C. A. Editor
M. H. BROWN.....Exchange Editor
A. A. HEARST.....Local Editor
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All remittances should be sent to E. H. Galloway, Business Manager. Also all orders for subscriptions, extra copies or any other business communication.

All matter designed for publication should be addressed to H. B. Watkins, editor-in-chief.

EDITORIAL.

THE Millsaps Collegian offers greeting to the world of journalism and signifies her intention of taking up a permanent abode therein. For her existence we have no appology to make and as to her welcome we have no fears.

Her existence is but what was to be expected in a College of activity and growth where a spirit of healthy advancement is a constant and continual attendant. As to her welcome, the friends of Millsaps College have never yet failed to give the heartiest encouragement and assistance to any enterprize connected with the prosperity of that institution.

WE SHALL endeavor to maintain a magazine of dignified interest around which all of our college life, College associations and College life shall cluster, keeping our friends in intimate relations with the College and depicting to them life and thought as it is here among us. Endeavoring to come up to the standard expected of us we shall try

earnestly to deserve the encouragement always so generously given and if our columns contain not a multitude of local jokes we trust it will be a source of no surprise or dissappointment to our readers. That which will be of the greatest general interest shall recieve preference, always.

Among the many benefits of a College magazine must ever be prominent that of developing that literary talent which the stndent body of an institution of importance ever posesses. And we wish it understood from the beginning that contributions from the students will be gladly received. Indeed the interest of our magazine will to a great extent be determined by the success we meet with in getting the students to contribute their thoughts and their talents to its columns. It is the life and thought of the whole student body we seek to depict and not that of the editorial staff. So the existence of the "Millsaps Collegian" puts before you another opportunity with its responsibility which we feel sure you will not fail to meet successfully.

During the past summer we were talking with a student about his College. He complained bitterly of the absence of College spirit at his "Alma mater." Upon inquiry we found that he was not a member of any form of athletic club, literary society or any other enterprize among his college mates. Not even a subscriber to his College magazine. He had made the mistake of thinking that the walls of the buildings formed his College and had forgotten the "spirit" must be looked for in the students themselves of which he was one. We fear many College men make this mistake and forget that the College spirit depends as much on themselves as upon any others. If you do not throw your energy, your spirit, your enthusiasm into the organized life of your College you had best not expect College spirit nor complain at its absence. College spirit above all things must be indicated by deeds not words.

To Journals of a similar character we extend our good wishes and that sincerely. We very earnestly hope that by this means our diffeient Colleges will be brought into the frienliest and most intimate relations. Our "Exchange" department is not represented in this issue for reasons apparent.

"Does advertizing pay?" is the question often heard by thenews paper man. The business staff of the Millsaps Collegian have been successful in convincing the business men of Jackson that it does as is evidenced by our full pages of advertisements. Ve invite your at-

to them and hope you will follow up the persuasions of the staff with still more convincing argument.

We are glad to say that the existence of yellow fever in Jackson is almost less than a memory, an indistinct recolection and that in every department of Millsaps the lost time has almost been made up by extra work.

The Century Magazine offered prizes for the best story, poem, and essay to be written by students who had receied the degree of Bachelor Arts during the commencement season of 1897. A year was given in which to submit the manuscripts. The awards have recently been made, and it is worthy of note that while three fourths of the competitors were men, women won all the prizes, two going to graduates of Vassar, the other to a graduate of Smith College.

This brings up the old question of man's superiority to woman and seems to indicate that his boasted higher mental ability is more a matter of fancy than of fact, at least in the field of literature. He who would fain do so cannot bring the charge of impartiality against the judges for they were iguorant of the real names of the authors.

This was the first of a series of competitions, and it will be interesting to see if the women are strong enough to continue to be victorious.

We very much hope to see some of our Millsaps B. A's in this contest in the future and to see them winners besides.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

In our salutatory to the alumni and old students of the college, it seems not inappropriate to give some idea of how this department of the magazine will be conducted.

It is primarily an "alumni department." It is designed first of all, for the alumni of the college. Its chief aim will be to send to them some news of their class mates and of their successes in life. Secondarily, an earnest effort will be made to make it of interest to those students who have left the college and who are anxious to know something of their old class-mates and friends scattered over the country.

To attain these ends, such facts as we believe you desire to know about you college associates we will try to give you. In each issue, items as to the whereabouts, occupations and successes of graduates and old students will be given in a brief way. And in getting these items let us enlist your support. Drop the editor a note about yourself (or some other old student), and through the medium of the Magazine some college friend of yours, who is doubtless anxious to know, will learn of your whereabouts. So with some assistance from you the department can be made interesting to those for whom it is designed. To a great extent we are dependent on you for assistance, and arguing from the manifest interest taken in the institution by her alumni as well as by old students, we feel sure that your help in building up this department of the Millsaps Collegian will not be withheld.

We must apologize for the meagreness of the department in this number. It was intended to have some cuts of different graduates, but owing to the delay in the opening of college, this feature of the department, which we hope to make a permanent one, will be reserved for future issues. This number will be devoted principally to the class of '98.

C. G. Andrews (B. A.) is in Memphis, contemplating the study of medicine in the medical college there.

J. B. Alford (B. A.) is principal of the Gallman public school, having decided to make teaching his profession. From various sources we hear that he is making a success of his school.

W. H. Bradley (B. S.) is in Flora, his home, assisting his father in the management of his plantation. He desires to enter Cornell in a short while, for the purpose of taking a course in civil engineering.

P. L. Clifton (B. A.) is in Jackson attending the law school.

G. W. Green (B. A.) is also attending the law school.

W. Green (B. S.) is in the city, working for J. W. Fitzhugh & Co.

A. G. Hilzim (B. A.) is working in the office of The Jackson Publishing Co., in this city.

B. H. Locke (B. A.) is superintendent of the McComb City graded school. He is another member of the class who has chosen teaching as a profession, and who has every promise of success.

J. L. McGehee (B. A.) is in Memphis, his home, studying medicine.

R. B. Ricketts (B. S.) is principal of the High School Department of the Hattiesburg Graded School.

A. H. Shannon (B. A.) is a student of theology in Vanderbilt University.

T. E. Stafford (Ph. B.) has just entered the medical department of Tulane Mniversity.

G. L. Teat (B. S.), as Superintendent of the Brookhaven Graded School, is making a success, and becoming more popular each week with the patrons of the school.

We hear of several old students at Tulane studying medicine this year, among them being Catching ('97), Dye, Stilphen, Neville, Lilly ('95), and E. B. Johnson.

D. E. Wright, a former student, is merchandising in Carthage, Mo.

Capt. J. W. Canada, 4th Tenn. Inf., is now in Atlanta, and will soon leave for Cuba. He left Memphis as 1st Lieut. of his company, and on the resignation of his captain was promoted to the vacancy.

H. E. Wadsworth (LL.B., '98) is in Jackson making arrangements to locate at Mayersville, Miss., as a member of the law firm of Jayne, Watson & Wadsworth.

During the summer the Rev. S. E. Carruth and Miss Myrtis Kenna were married at Auburn, Miss.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Dr. Murrah left Tuesday for Aberdeen, where he is now in attendance on the session of the North Mississippi Conference.

Prof. Weber has just had published his "Word List" for the use of students in Etymology. It is a neat pamphlet and well compiled.

Rev. T. L. Mellen, of Canton, was on the Campus Saturday morning greeting the boys in his own kind, encouraging manner. We hope to have him with us often during the session.

In accordance with the proclamations of the President of the United States and of the Governor of Mississippi, our college work was suspended Thursday last and we celebrated the day right heartily. Many of the boys attended services in the city, there being preaching at the Methodist Church by Rev. J. B. Searcy, and at the Episcopal by Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson.

Many of the boys attended the Teachers Recital at Belhaven College Thursday evening. It is needless to say they enjoyed it. The program was splendidly rendered. Our greatest hope now is that the occasion will soon be repeated. We were glad to note the large attendance at Belhaven this session.

"The Shacks" are now connected by telephone with the rest of the city. The boys appreciate and are making use of the convenience.

We are glad to report good things from the two Literary Societies. They hold regular meetings on Friday evenings, and by the way, they are always ready to welcome their friends on these occasions.

Officers for the first quarter session in the Galloway Society are:

W. E. M. Brogan, president; R. A. Clark, vice-president; J. T. Lewis, recording secretary; R. S. Hall, assistant secretary; H. A. Jones, corresponding secretary; T. C. Bradford, treasurer; J. H. Grice, sergeant-at-arms; J. J. Golden, chaplain.

In the Lamars are:

H. T. Carley, president; P. J. Wall, vice-president; C. N. Smylie,

recording secretary; W. W. Holmes, corresponding secretary; E. L. Wall, treasurer; W. H. Fitzhugh, critic; J. A. Teat, censor; T. M. Lemly, chaplain.

The members are taking an enthusiastic interest in these societies, which we consider an indication of a bright future for both the members and the societies themselves.

All the Collegiate Classes elected officers this week. These officers serve for one session. The Seniors elected:

G. L. Harrell, president; J. T. Lewis, vice-president; P. J. Wall, secretary; H. A. Jones, treasurer; H. B. Watkins, historian, H. T. Carley, poet; E. L. Wall, prophet; W. E. M. Brogan, orator; A. W. Dobyns, essayest.

The Juniors elected:

E. H. Galloway, president; M. A. Chambers, vice-president; W. W. Holmes, recording secretary; W. S. Kennon, corresponding secretary; C. N. Guice, poet; S. L. Burwell, historian; T. M. Lemly, treasurer; T. W. Holloman, prophet; H. M. Brown, orator.

The sophomores elected:

C. N. Smyle, president; R. A. Clark, vice-president; J. H. Darrah, recording secretary; A. A. Hearst, corresponding secretary; S. L. Field, treasurer; L. W. Felder, orator; H. O. White, poet; S. Thompson, prophet.

The Freshman elected:

T. B. Watkins, president; W. A. Williams, vice-presidept; J. H. Grice, recording secretary; E. F. Roby, corresponding secretary; W. M. Langley, treasurer; W. S. Duren, historian; J. H. McLeod, poet; H. G. McGowen, prophet; A. Thompson, orator.

The opening of Millsaps this session was an unusually pleasant and gratifying one. The boys, after their extra long vacation, seemed delighted to get back, and their hearty greetings to each other evidenced their exceeding great joy at meeting again. The large number present at the very beginning was a little surprising, as it was feared many would be afraid to come. Since then they have continued to come in, each day showing several new faces, until now we have a comparatively full school. The law class has continued to grow also and the students in that department are doing fine work. Judge Harper has been assisting Dr. Mayes in these lectures.

Mr. Will Bradley, '98, was a visitor to the College some days since. "Billy" is ever welcome at Millsaps.

Mr. M. G. Fulton, assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A., for Ala

bama, Mississippi and Louisiana, paid our association a visit at the opening of school.

Our Y. M. C. A. has entered upon what promises to be the most successful year of its existence. We have moved into the new rooms on first floor of main building, and hope soon to have them well furnished. The annual reception given on the evening of Nov. 25th, proved a success in every respect. The association is under many obligations to the kind ladies, whose assistance contributed greatly to the success of the occasion. Short addresses were delivered by Dr. W. B. Murrah, Rev. T. L. Mellen, of Canton, and by members of the association. Miss Josie Millsaps, by a number of beautiful vocal selections, added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

The regular business meetings of the Y. M. C. A. are to be held on first Friday afternoon of each month. Y M. C. A. officers for this session are: G. L. Harrell; president; L. W. Felder; vice-president; L. F. Magruder, recording secretary; H. T. Carley, corresponding secretary; E. B. Ricketts, treasurer.

MILLSAPS COLLEGE

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

SEVENTH SESSION OPENED OV. 3:

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Ample provision is also made for the instruction of those who are not candidates for any degree.

For Catalogue, or further information,

Address

PRESIDENT W. B. MURRAH.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. I. DECEMBER, 1898. No. 2.

MAJOR R. W. MILLSAPS.

Reuben Webster Millsaps was born in Copiah County, Miss. on May 30th, 1833.

Living on a farm he learned all there was to be gotten from the country schools and industrious work.

When he was seventeen years of age he desired to enter college, but being a poor boy, he found the doors of all the Mississippi institutions closed against him. By accident he heard of a certain institution, Hanover College, in Indiana, where a boy with little money might receive an education by doing some work to help pay his tuition He realized that life stood out before him and he desired that which seemed at that time unattainable. Yet, not willing to give up in despair, he implored his parents to let him go to this far away college, saying that he would work his way through and not take what he thought did not belong to him, but to his younger sisters and brothers. Thus we see him counting the little money that he had earned by hard labor in the cotton field, preparatory to leaving for college, At this institution he received all that the college course could afford him and and started in life's battle with that which is better than riches—a good education.

He worked his way home from school on a flat-boat on the Mississippi River and immediately obtained a position as tutor in the family of Col. Glass, a wealthy planter of Warren Co., Miss., and from this time he began to rise in the world. His salary was soon raised and each month he laid aside a goodly share of it, intending at some future time to study law. Col. Glass discovered his intentions and, appreciating the stirling worth of the young man, and having respect for his high ambitions, offered to defray his expenses through the law department at Harvard University.

But Mr. Millsaps, in that gentle way characteristic of the man, refused, saying that he had saved enough to help him through his course. By hard work, sawing wood at 25 cents an evening, he was enabled to be graduated from that institution with honors.

He began the practice of his profession at Pine Bluff, Ark. and remained there until the outbreak of the war when he enlisted in the Confederate service. And by his bravery and strict attention to duty he was promoted to the rank of Major. Nor did he escape injury, being severely wounded in the battle of Shiloh, but recovering, he fought for the cause he had espoused until the surrender of General Lee's army.

Maj. Millsaps, then seeing that it would be folly to resume the practice of law with the country in such an unsettled state decided to go to Brookhaven and there he entered the cotton business.

His persistence and rare business sagacity have won for him the name of being one of the wealthiest men of our state. He is now president of one of the largest banking institutions in Mississippi and is connected with many other leading business enterprises. His integrity and fair dealing have won for him vast influence over the people and he commands the respect and love of all who know him.

Having had to struggle so hard for an education and realizing the advantages of such to the youth of his state he built, with the cooperation of the Methodists of Mississippi the college which now bears his name and which stands as a towering monument to his Christian character.

He has not forgotten that he was once a poor boy and that only by chance was the way of success pointed out to him.

He has placed in the reach of all a way to attain great achievements and the same prominence that he has attained.

Many of the young lawyers and business men of our state are indebted to this noble, generous and good man for the positions they now hold. In this way, unknown to the world, he has used his wealth for the good of others; and higher rewards than those earthly surely await him.

What an incentive his life should be to the young men of our country to attain success, as he has, and to do good to our fellowman as he has done.

Let us emulate his example and be thankful that such a man, a friend of the poor, has been given us.

ETHELBERT HINES GALLOWAY.

GYMNASTICS.

Within the last fifty years physical culture has come to assert its place in the education of the young. The directors of our colleges have learned that it is as essential that the physical man be developed as the intellectual. In fact, the educators of this age have done and are doing more for the general good of our young men than the educators of any age previous. For they strive to advance and improve a student, not only intellectually but also physically and morally. This three-fold education has not been the production of a day, however, but the gradual development of many ages. And now, even though our prominent educators advocate physical development, yet there are many who do not understand the main and only purpose of the gymnasiums in our colleges and universities. So this article is written with the view of putting before the readers of THE COLLEGIAN the true purpose of the gymasium. The various exercises given in the gymnasium are to develop the different muscles of the body, and to give to a person complete control of himself. When a person takes the exercise given in the "gym" he finds that he is the possessor of muscles he had never dreamed of. Many go to college who have been accustomed to manual labor and consequently think themselves thoroughly developed, but after an exercise in the "gym" they learn that they have heretofore been fooled in regard to themselves. Scarcely any one who has not been through a systematic school of training is developed proportionally. And then this exercise offers to hard students the exercise so necessary for one who applies himself closely. Systematic training also gives to a person a great degree of self-control and ease. One great result is that it cures indigestion, and certainly nothing can be more desirable. Some people think the only object of this exercise is to teach difficult tricks, but such an idea is altogether wrong. The gymnasium is by no means a training school for the circus. While this physical development is very necessary, yet unless it be compulsory, only a few will participate in it, and that, too, those who need it less. Therefore it is the duty of all colleges to make attendance upon the gymnastic exercises compulsory. And that school is the best where such is the case. Certainly nothing can excite the admiration of one more quickly than a well educated man who is also a perfect man physically. Therefore every one owes it to himself to make use of every opportunity to develop not only the mental man, but also the physical.

J. TILLERY LEWIS.

IRWIN RUSSELL—A SKETCH.

By most literary students of today, Irwin Russell is recognized as the most conspicuous contributor that the State of Mississippi has furnished to the Southern literature of the past.

To every Mississippian, especially to our young men, the story of his brief but sad life, so full of temptation and of suffering should be of great interest.

Irwin Russell was born in the town of Port Gibson, June 3, 1853. Misfortune came upon him in his early days, while only three months of age he was attacked by that terrible malady—yellow fever. The epidemic of the disease at that time caused the removal of the Russell family to St. Louis, Mo. A very serious accident, the loss of one eye, befell him before he reached the age of two years.

His early education was obtained in the schools of St. Louis. At the breaking out of the civil war his father, who was a physician, again made his home in Port Gibson, as he was in sympathy with the cause of the Confederacy.

After the close of the war Dr. Russell sent Irwin to the University of St. Louis, from which he was graduated in 1869. He then returned to Mississippi and took up the study of law—at the age of nineteen years he was admitted to the bar. But his roving disposition and peculiar tastes made him unfit for the practice of his profession, so he abandoned it after a short time.

When about sixteen years old he began to study the marvelous humor and wisdom possessed by the Southern negro. Joel Chandler Harris says that Irwin Russell was the first Southern writer to appreciate the possibilities of the negro character and was among the first to develop them.

Having spent several years of his life among the true representatives of the race, this literary genius took advantage of the opportunity to develop his gift of creative imagination and became one of the most skillful delineators of the negro character.

Guided by the influence of Southern life and manners he has depicted to us the real character of the ante-bellum negro in the true light and with sincere feeling.

In 1878, when yellow fever raged unchecked throughout our Southland, he spent many days and nights in ministering to the wants of his fellow-man. The indescribable suffering and ghastly scenes

which he witnessed while engaged in this work made a deep impress on his imagination. The death of his father at this time seems to have served to crush his few remaining hopes.

The last few months of his life were spent as an attache of the New Orleans *Times* staff. Down in the poverty-stricken districts of Franklin street his soul took its flight from the body which had known only pain and suffering.

Thus at twenty-six years of age this sad life was brought to a close. Let us not blame him for what he left undone but praise him for what he accomplished. His ambition was overcome by weakness and temptation, although he was endowed with some of the highest gifts that God bestows upon man.

STEPHEN LUSE BURWELL, '00.

FRIENDSHIP.

Freindship. Ah! how much it means
Of sorrow and of joy;
To some it is a sacred trust,
To others, but a toy.

Man's greatest heritage on earth—
'Tis granted but to few,
Is this—to have a faithful friend,
Who is sincere and true.

When all is bright and care unknown,
'Tis easy to have friends:
Yet oft, when shadows cross our paths,
Their so-called friendship ends.

To share one's sorrows or one's joys,
To cheer or sympathize;
To urge the strong, to help the weak—
In this, true friendship lies.

GEO. BOYD POWER, '97.

December 10, 1898

SOME FACTS ABOUT INDIANS.

If you were to ask the average Mississippian to tell you about the Indians, now inhabiting Mississisippi and Alabama, he would promptly reply that there were few in either state, and that he knew little about them. So scarce are they in some parts of the state, that some people have never seen a full blooded Indian. The majority of us as to their real condition as to believe that they would continue to educate their children and confine themselves to the customs of civilized people if they were left to themselves again. Those who believe this are in error. There is but one habit introduced by civilized men that they would continue to carry out. This is the habit of getting drunk. The Indians who live in Neshoba and Newton Counties, are by far the most civilized in Mississippi. Some of them farm for themselves, some work for wages, but the majority do almost nothing. How do they manage to live ? This is the exact question I have asked myself again and again. If you can answer it, reader, I will be under many obligations to you, Still I never heard of an Indian dying of starvation.

The writer had the pleasure of hunting with the Indians in the swamps of Choctaw and Washington Counties, Alabama, a few years ago. This is the only way you can study the true nature of an Indian. Hunt with him from day to day and you win his confidence. Then at night when he has taken his drink of wild cat "Whusky" get him to talk. He can tell you some of the best hunting stories a man ever had the pleasure of listening to. On his side, he seems to take very little interest in them. When he takes a little more of his "whusky" ask him to tell you some stories about his forefathers. at first he will talk with reluctance, but when he finds that you sympathize with him, then in the monotone peculiar to his race he, will tell you of the great men of his nation. How they suffered at the hands of the whites; how their lands were stolen from them; how eternal hatred was sworn against the intruders, how this oath was kept till, in a thoughtless moment, they made a treaty with their enemy. This treaty he was bound to observe. When he reaches this point his eyes, whichbefore have sparkled almost like fire, grow very dull. He closes them, and confines himself more closely to the English accent. He ends with a regret that he was not able to fight and die with those before him.

They all seem to realize their fate, and are perfectly resigned to it.

Nearly all Indians living in Mississippi, recognize some Church. In fact, an Indian without a church is scarcely respected by his own people. It makes no difference whether he has any relgion or not. He may not even belong to a church, yet he must recognize one. When you go to visit an Indian, and decide you want to have a fight with him begin to make some slurring remark about his church or preacher. The result will be a white man whipped nearly every time.

Indians are very much like white men in one respect. You can not convince him that he is a fool. If you ever visit them and wish to make friends with them always agree with them. Sometimes you will have to admit you are a fool yourself, but this is a much wiser plan, since it makes a friend and saves you a fight. A good example came under my observation a few years ago. A white man made a wager that he could bluff a whole Indian samp. He tried it. He was given fifteen minutes to leave. When he wishes to visit that camp again, he has ten minutes to his credit.

The indians are still allowed to play ball, though under much restriction. Betting is prohibited. A few years ago a ball play was a great event among them. They would gather from a radius of perhaps sixty miles, bringing their squaws with them. They reached the place for the game the day before. The night was spent in fighting, drinking, fighting, dancing, and fighting. The day opened with a fight. After breakfast, which the squaws cooked by the camp fire, there was some more fighting. Finally the game began. It is played on an open fiield. About one quarter of a mile apart, two poles are erected. The ball is thrown up in the center of the field, by a non-participant in the game. Each man tries to catch it with his sticks and to throw it so as to strike his opponent's post. The sticks used are about three feet long by one inch square at the handle. At the other end they are cut very thin and bent around so as to be in the shape of a spoon. One who has never seen an Indian ball play can not imagine with what dexterity they catch a ball and throw it with these sticks. The squaws stand around on the edge of the field with buckets of water ready to throw it on a man when he is knocked senseless. Before betting was prohibited the participants in the game would place every thing they possessed upon a scaffold prepared for the purpose. There is fighting all through the game. At the end of the game a general fight ensues. During these fiights, which last only a few minutes, the squaws bring anything available for fighting purposes to the men. They proceed to knock down their antagonists or get knocked down, till one side is whipped. A remarkable fact about

these games is that it is almost an unheard of thing for an Indian to get killed during one and comparatively few are hurt. During the last few years the white people have made a determined effort to stop these games. Since betting is prohibited there is little interest taken in the game. Often Indians are paid a certain amount to play. It is very seldom now that two nations have a match game. In the course of a few years these games will be so restricted that the Indians will find no pleasure at all in playing them.

"TOM"–A–HAWK.

"PARODIES."

JAMES CLERK MAXWELL.

Gin a body meet a body
  Flyin' through the air,
Gin a body hit a body
  Will it fly? And where?
Ilka impact has its measure,
  Ne'er a ane hae I,
Yet a' the lads they measure me
  Or, at least they try.

Gin a body meet a body
  Altogether free,
How they travel afterwards
  We do not always see.
Ilka problem has its method
  By analytics high;
For me, I ken na ane o' them,
  But what the wauer am I?

VALENTINE BY A TELEGRAPH CLERK TO A TELEGRAPH CLERK.

The tendrils of my soul are entwined
With thine, though many a mile apart,
And thine in close-coiled circuits wind
Around the needle of my heart.

Constant as Daniel, strong as Grove,
Ebullient through it depths like Smee
My heart pours forth its tide of love
And all its circuits close in thee.

O, tell me, when along the line
From my full heart the message flows,
What currents are induced in thine?
One click from thee will end my woes.

Through many an Ohm the Weber flew
And clicked this answer back to me,
"I am thy Farad, stanch and true,
Charged to a volt with love for thee."

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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EDITORIAL.

"Are the professions overcrowded," is a question which confronts every man when he comes to the age of choosing his life work. Looking at it from the standpoint of a resident in a college centre, who sees every year hundreds of men busily engaged in preparation for places in the world of divinity, law and medicine, and who receives the positive answer, "minister," "lawyer," or "physician," upon inquiry as to the anticipated profession of every young collegian, one would be tempted to declare that all men will be preachers, lawyers or doctors, and that none will be left to listen to the divine word, none to sue and be sued, and none left elegible to the presentation of nice, large doctors' bills. To the same gloomy conclusion will come any one who pours and ponders over the annual statistics of men graduated from the many great professional institutions of our country. For him doubtless that day will be made gloomy by the picture in his pessimistic mind of poor, starving preachers, lawyers, and doctors, while

all other useful occupations go vacant for want of men to fill them.

From neither standpoint is the conclusion a fair one.

Visit our Agricultural and Mechanical Schools and you will conclude that all men are to be farmers and mechanical workmen. Go to our Technical Schools and before your vision will loom up worlds of engineers. Or haunt the headquarters of our great American papers and periodicals and a tide of journalists will rush in upon you. Visit the majority of our country towns and see how small a proportion of the young men therein even aspire to an opportunity for higher education and you will be ready to take your oath that the world is turning out "clerks only." Or go last into our country homes and few boys will you find who have any other plans than to follow the honest and respected paths of their farming fathers. So there is little fear that the callings of the farmer, mechanic, engineer and journalist are entirely "to go a begging." And as for that of "school teacher," I have but to mention it and a smile of satisfaction o'er spreads your countenance as far, at any rate, as the number thereof is concerned.

Now he who worries over gloomy and forboding statistics needs to remind himself of the fact that a graduate in theology doesn't mean a preacher always, nor graduate lawyer a practitioner of laws, nor does a full-fledged "M. D." invariably signify a physician. Most men now-a-days choose their professions from force of circumstances rather than from natural inclination. And so it is often the case that a man discovers even after graduation that he is totally unfit for the path he has chosen and drops into another more in line with what nature has shaped him for. Even tho' he has actually entered upon his work it is not an infrequent occurrence for a man to give it up and choose another. And so I conclude that the number of men stated to have been graduated is not by any means the real number in the actual practice of those professions. And in the actual practice itself "The survival of the fittest" and the "room at the top" are no myths and still continue to be sources of encouragement to those who feel that divinity, law or medicine is the field in which they were intended to work and in which they can serve themselves and their country most successfully.

In this age of specialists there is great danger of a liberal education being neglected or altogether ignored for the sake of giving more time to some particular branch of study. A man that intends to enter the medical profession, for example, is likely to think that the whole of his school days should be used to prepare himself for that one work. While to a limited extent this view may be correct, yet if

followed out fully it cannot produce the best results. He who gives his whole mind to one subject will in time have an abnormal mind, and no abnormal mind can compete successfully at all points with one evenly developed. We must not lose sight of the fact that we educate for citizenship and manhood, as well as for professional life, and if we bind ourselves from the first to one train of thought we defeat to some extent, this purpose. We should lay the foundation for a successful and useful life by taking one of the regular degree courses before taking a professional course.

The session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in May of this year, created an Education Commission, composed of ten practical educators, whose duty it should be to prescribe the minimum requirements for admission into the Freshman class of the colleges under control of the Church, and also the minimum requirement for the baccalaureate degree. Recently this Commission held its first session in the city of Nashville, organizing with Dr. Jos. H. Carlisle, of Wofford, as chairman.

The requirements for admission into the Freshman A. B. and B. S. classes were made the same, except that for the B. S. no Latin or Greek will be required. As adopted by the Commission these requirements will go a long way towards shutting out from unfair competition those institutions which pose as colleges while in fact they are not much more than preparatory schools. And some of those that are entitled to the name of college, if they would keep in line with the educational movement of the Church, will have to raise somewhat the standard of admission.

The minimum requirements for a baccalaureate degree provide for fifteen hours of work in each of the four years, making, however, six hours elective in the Junior and twelve in the Senior. These electives are of course to be taken from prescribed studies.

The Commission recommended to the Board of Education that it adopt the plan of co-education wherever practicable—that the Annual Conference or Conferences of each State unite upon one college, and only one for both boys and girls. Other important recommendations were: The correlation of the academies of a State with the college, and of the colleges with Vanderbilt University; that no institution be classed as a college unless it be adopted by and have the sole support of at least one Annual Conference, and have a permanent annual income of at least $3,000 outside of tuition fees.

The plan of concentration on one school in a State and the correlation of those schools in one uniform system is one that will, if carried out, give a new force and dignity to denominational education. With Vanderbilt as the head, graduation in the colleges will fit directly for

matriculation in the University and this will be a prominent factor in the broadening of interest in higher education.

We predict great good from the labors of the Commission.

The "honor system" is after all the wisest solution to the "cheating problemm." There must be in every boy enough of self-respect to make him hesitate a long time ere he will break a faith voluntarily and freely placed in him and there is in most students enough of self-pride and self-respect to make him absolutely refrain from breaking such a confidence. By this means you appeal to and develop all that is best within a *man* and place such a premium upon his honor that he would fail a thousand times before he would violate it. Woe, woe, for the future of him who can resist the appeal which this system makes to him. The "millstone" in Scripture-told "were" his most fortunate fate.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

Through this department we shall give to our readers something concerning the work done by the Y. M. C. A., not only in our own college, but in the general movement. The Association is a prime factor in the college work, and offers many opportunities of reaching men and bringing them to Christ, while mind and soul are ready to be moved into the right channels. It is also doing a wonderful work in the United States army.

The Mississippi State Committee has provided and kept tents, furnished with stationery, etc., with the three regiments of Mississippi.

The Navy Department has established at New York City a Naval Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, for the purpose of entertaining the sailors while on shore, and of protecting them against the evil influences while off duty.

We are glad to see from the *Inter-Collegian* and from *Men*, the international paper of the Association, that in the colleges throughout the country there is a remarkable increase in the interest manifested by the students in the Y. M. C. A. Our Association, as stated in the first number of THE COLLEGIAN, has entered upon a year that promises success.

The chapter was re-organized at the opening of the session, and is now doing an excellent work. The religious services are held on Sunday afternoons and evenings, and a weekly prayer service is held every Friday afternoon. Each meeting is becoming more entertaining and the attendance upon these services is increasing.

Those, not of the students, who have conducted the services during last month are Mr. M. G. Fulton, Professors Ricketts, Weber, Muckenfuss, and Supt. J. R. Dobyns, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute.

The system of Bible study adopted requires special mention. At the different boarding houses and cottages classes consisting of from six to fifteen members have been formed and placed under competent teachers. These classes meet on Saturday evenings at such time as is most convenient to all the members and devote from one-half to one hour to a systematic study of the Bible. Besides these classes there is another, the personal workers, composed of the teachers of the different classes.

There are more boys studying the Bible in these classes than there are members of the Association.

Mr. J. T. Lewis has been appointed director of music in our Association.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

We hear with great pleasure that H. W. Duning is a very successful North Louisiana merchant. Duning was one of the first matriculates of the College.

G. Q. Hall & Son is the title of a new law firm in Meridian. The "son" is William Montgomery Hall, a student during the sessions of '94-5, '95-6.

Among several other Millsaps boys in Memphis, we hear of E. O. Bailey, with The Langstaff Hardware Co.

L. B. Lampton is merchandising at Magnolia with his father, and is said to be one of the best business young men in Magnolia.

J. H Gardner is with a dry goods house in Sherman, Texas.

H. B. Caffey has recently joined the small colony of Millsaps boys at Tulane. He is a "medico."

C. G. Jones is with Clifton Livingstone, a dry goods merchant of Yazoo City.

S. L. Heidelberg is one of the successful young merchants of Hattiesburg.

"Bob" Shipp and J. M. Daniell (familiarly known as "Skinny"), are at Tulane, studying the art of Esculopius.

D. A. Carmichael is a "dealer in general merchandise" at Bears Creek, Miss. He will be remembered by students who attended the College the first year of her history as a great Literary Society worker.

J. C. Buckley is deputy chancery clerk of Carroll county.

E. N. Blount, Soph. '97, is a medical student at Nashville, Tenn.

C. C. Spence is at Cornell University, pursuing a course of Electrical Engineering.

One of the students recently received a copy of "The First Mississippi Two Step," by A. W. Fridge, color-bearer First Regiment.

W. B. Middleton is merchandising at Sartartia, Miss.

We recently received a card to this effect: "W. H. Scott, attorney at law, 915½ Congress avenue, Houston, Texas."

W. T. Cummins is in the Dairy business at Yazoo City.

L. M. Warren, another Yazoo county boy, is in Yazoo City, an employe of the American Express Co.

Your telegrams to Cleveland, Miss., will pass through the hands of C. R. Carley, the Western Union operator there.

J. M. Watkins, Jr., is in New Orleans, soliciting insurance. John unquestionably has the first requisite of a good insurance agent, "an unbroken stream of words."

So far as we know, Willis West has the honor of representing the College in the Second Mississippi Infantry.

Among the matriculates of the Department of Dentistry of Vanderbilt, the name of Byrd Busby appears.

Mims Williams is in Terry, with G. B. Downing. Williams will be remembered by his class-mates as one of those exceptional fellows who rarely ever forgets anything.

R. W. Meek is working for the mercantile firm of Jones & Callicalt, of Cold Water, Miss.

William Williams has the honor of being the first graduate of the Law Department to acquire the title of Benedict. During the month of September, at Steens Creek, he and Miss Mary Gaston were married, the pastor of the Steens Creek Methodist church officiating. Williams is located at Hazlehurst, being a member of the firm of Ramsey & Williams.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

A neat and appropriate compliment was that paid J. W. Canada, Junior '97, by the Lamar Literary Society at one of its recent meetings, when they unanimously passed a motion to have an enlarged picture of him placed upon the wall of their Assembly room. Mr. Canada, during his two years' in College, was a very loyal and enthusiastic member of the Society, doing much to promote its interest. Twice he reflected honor upon the Society in oratorical contests, winning the Debator's Medal during the commencement of '96, and carrying off the first medal offered by the Mississippi Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association, in the contest held at Crystal Springs, Miss. Mr. Canada is a man unusually gifted, and we predict for him a successful and useful career.

The Supreme Court being in session during the past few weeks, the law students have enjoyed the privilege of attending it. That department seems enthusiastically at work. Messrs. Barnes, Simonton and T. B. Watkins have entered the class.

True, "Christmas is coming," but what a misfortune that it comes on Sunday! On account of loss of time we miss the usual week off, and it does seem to be carrying this economy of time entirely too far in using Sunday for Christmas. There is an indefinite rumor, a "faint inarticulate whisper" going the rounds to the effect that we are to have Monday off.

We are glad to see the number of students of Millsaps College constantly increasing. Almost daily some new student arrives or some old one returns. Within the last week we notice among those who have returned were Messrs. J. B. Mitchell, J. W. Booth, W. O. Sadler, R. T. Liddell, FitzGerald and R. L. Cannon.

On Friday, December 9, Mr. J. L. Red was called home on account of the death of his father. We all extend our heart-felt sympathy to Mr. Red in his bereavement.

Prof. Weber has requested that all students who wish to contest for medals next commencement give him their names before the first of January.

Capt. W. E. Hopkins, of Company B, Third Mississippi, came out to the College a few days ago to see his brother, who is a student here.

On Friday morning, the 9th, the beautiful scenery of unspotted

snow inspired all the students with something like a poetical genius. Sme of them, after trying for a long time, but failing to get the kind "muses" to come to their rescue, decided that it was much easier to make snow-balls than to write poetry.

Dr. Murrah, on December 6, returned from the annual session of the North Mississippi Conference, which convened at Aberdeen. The doctor reports an interesting session of the Conference.

We are glad to note the progressive, painstaking, energetic spirit that is prevalent among our Millsaps boys. Some may say that this is due to the fact that our Qnarterly Examinations are near at hand; but this opinion is erronious, for it has never been the custom of Millsaps *Students* to wait until the eve of an examination to prepare for it.

By some unfortunate accident the name of Mr. B. E. Eaton, Historian of the Sophomore class, and Critic of the Galloway Literary Society, was ommitted in the list of officers given in our last issue.

Mr. J. R. Bingham, of Carrolton, recently presented of the College a photograph to the General Conference held at Baltimore last May. He also presented a picture of one of our Bishops. These are indeed appreciated gifts.

We regret to note that one of our ministerial students, Rev. J. J. Golden, has withdrawn from college to reenter the Mississippi Conference of which he is a member. He carries with him the best wishes of the entire student-body for the greatest success in his new field of labor.

The ministerial students were glad to learn, on the 13th inst., that they would receive monthly lectures on "The young man in College," by their President, Dr. Murrah.

Mr. C. S. Webb, of McComb City, one of our old students was on the Campus last week visiting his old friends.

Messrs. Leonard and Percy Wall, both members of Class of ninety Nine, have been chosen by the faculty as assistants in the preparatory schools of Latin and Greek respectively. These are very wise appointments, the gentlemen in question being peculiarly fitted for the positions assigned them.

Messrs. Lewis, Harrell and Brogan are assisting Dr. Muckenfuss in the work in the physical and Chemical Laboratories.

The Commencement debaters for the usual contest between the two Societies have been selected. Those from the Lamar are Messrs. T. W. Holloman and J. A. Teat; from the Galloways are J. B. Mitchell and McCafferty.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class a motion to adopt Oxford cap and gown was unanimously carried.

The Editors are very much gratified with the interest manifested by the students in THE COLLEGIAN. We sincerely hope that every

month will bring to our table the number of contributions that this month has brought.

On December 6th a society known as "The Millsaps College Scientific Association" was organized by the students of our college who are interested in the study of the various sciences. The object of the association is to make a study of the scientific investigations of the past and of today. The following officers were elected to serve one year: President, George L. Harrell, '99; Vice President, Stephen L. Burwell, '00; Secretary, Ethelbert H. Galloway, '00; Treasurer, T. Wynn Holloman, '00; Censor, William T. Clark, '00. Under the direction of such enthusiastic workers as the above students, the first year of the Association's existence will no doubt be a successful one.

The special meeting of the Lamar Literary Society given complimentary to the young ladies of Belhaven College was a success in every respect. The speakers for the occasion made it very interesting and the informal reception held afterwards seemed to be enjoyed to the fullest extent.

At its recent session the North Mississippi Conference added Dr. W. G. Sykes to the Board of Trustees of Millsaps College. Dr. Sykes is a resident of Aberdeen and is a valuable addition to the board. He fills the vacancy caused by the removal of R. J. Jones Jr to Kansas City.

Messrs. Stephen Burwell and Ethelbert Galloway leave Monday for Chattanooga, where they go to represent Alpha-Upsilon Chapter in the Thirteenth Biennial Grand Conclave of Kappa Sigma. They will return in about one week.

Holiday Gifts...

We are showing a complete line of goods suitable for holiday gifts. Link Buttons, Scarf Pins, Watch Fobs, Cameo Rings, Match Boxes, fine Umbrellas, Brooches, Hat Pins, Link Bracelets, Ladies' Rings, and the new style Sashes, and dozens of other new novelties.
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Reduced Prices to the Cottage Clubs.
Boys, you are welcome, make my store your headquarters.

Millsaps College Addition

MAJOR REUBEN WEBSTER MILLSAPS

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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THE OTHER HERCULES

Several years ago there appeared in the Cosmopolitan an article entitled "As to Certain Accepted Heroes" and signed by no less a personage than Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, now a member of the United States Senate from Masssachusetts and even then a distinguished writer on American history and kindred subjects. I have not seen the article since and remember indeed scarcely anything about it except that Achilles, for the first time so far as I know, felt the irreverent touch of the rationalist. As I recall the paper, however, I am moved to quote to the shade of the young hero a greater classic than the Iliad, which saith, "The Philistines be upon thee," and to add that that the "Philistine" came upon the stage early and that his tribe has prospered and multiplied.

Indeed, the "Philistine" was not unknown even in antiquity. For although the Greeks as a race were originally "children of the light," they yet lost in time the power to appreciate the ideals which in better days they had themselves set up. The Homeric Odysseus, therefore, stripped of every patent of nobility, stalks through the pages of later Greek and Latin literature, the first sign of that disillusionment with which men like Mr. Lodge continue from time to time to threaten the humanists. The case was even worse with the Romans. Vergil accepted without question the later conception of Odysseus, while Horace missed the point altogether in the character of Achilles and confessed at times to find even "good Homer" to nod.

But it is not my purpose to write a history of the "Philistines." If, however, the Greeks themselves, if Vergil and Horace, steeped in the literature and mythology of the Greeks, tampered with epic hero or Olympian god, one need not be surprised to find their literary descendants engaged in the same smart practice. The abeyance indeed of the imagination, the failure of the literary sense, the inability to shift the point of view—any one of these is a fatal obliquity, and may result at any time in such a phenomenon as the interpretation of the literature of one thousand B. C. in the white light of the nine-

teenth century canons! Your modern "Philistine," however, is, so to say, a cosmopolitan fellow: not content with correcting our classical perspective, he would clarify our spiritual vision as well. So while Mr. Lodge squares Achilles to the *code duello* and announces an heroic misfit, President Harper rishes Jonah from the whale's belly and bids us to "swallow" him no more. So, too, while the unoffending fairy tale, with the fianciful element—the very law of its being—squeezed out it, is being reduced in some quarters to the dry dregs of a moral formula, one over-anxious and super-pious parent of whom I have heard re-writes Genesis and puts clothes on Adam and Eve!

But what has all this to do with Hercules? The answer, I trust, will appear in due time.

Horace tells us that just as a ship-wrecked sailor dedicated his drenched garments to Neptune, a faded beauty her mirror to Venus, and as he himself on retiring from "society" consecrated his lyre to the goddess of love, so a discharged gladiator hung upon his arms in the temple of Hercules. About the significance of this act of worship there can be no doubt, and with the Roman view of the demigod suggested by it, the popular modern conception is in more or less complete accord. Hero of the "twelve tasks," patron god of the prize-ring, presiding deity at the gladiatorial show,—this is Hercules as he is known among men today.

And when one recalls the more popular exploits of his humane career, and reflects upon the position which, after his apotheosis, he occupied in the Roman theocracy, it is no small wonder that he has not been made the text of many a sermon and had his own invincible club used upon himself. For when the gridiron is engaging so much of the attention of pulpit and press, and when no stone is regarded as too good or too bad to toss at the *litterae humaniores*, it is indeed surprising that the first athlete has not come in for his round of execration and that the classics have not been asked to surrender their place in the scheme of education to the tracts of the Humane Society.

Now, to avert, if it may be, such an assault from "friend Hercules" and his biographers, is the modest aim of this paper. With this end in view, it would be beside the mark to rehearse the many deeds of violence, voluntary and involuntary, with which mythology has credited him. But that he wore a kindly heart beneath the skin of the Nemean lion, and that his club was often raised in behalf of friend or weakling, and that there were in him the elements of moral as well as of physical heroism, even a limited reading of the classics is sufficient to show.

In the Casa Nuova, the splendid house recently uncovered in Pompeii, there is a fresco representing the earliest exploit of the sub-

ject of this sketch. The precocious infant—*vraiment un enfant terrible*—has leaped from his cradle and is engaged in the kindergarten exercise of strangling the serpent which Juno sent to destroy him. His next recorded act was the murder of his music teacher, for which not a few who have had experience would be disposed to pardon him. While still a youth, too, he was met at the parting of the ways by two women, Duty and Pleasure, and choosing to follow duty, may be supposed to huve repented of his early exhibition of bad temper and to have anticipated a chapter from the Pilgrim's Progress. At eighteen returning to Thebes from the mountains whither he had been sent on the murder of Linus, Hercules turns patriot, and with the first trophy of the chase about his shoulders and the desire for bigger game in his heart, he maltreats the heralds from Orchomenos, and, *bello moto*, helps his reputed father to throw off the yoke of that city.

There was a time, too,—demi-gods have a way of defying chronology—when his real father needed the assistance of his strong arm and unerring bow. The new dynasty of heaven, not yet firmly established in power, was challenged by the giants, who, invulnerable to the immortals, were proof alike against the arrows of Apollo and the thunderbolts of Jove. At this juncture the son of Alcmena joined in the struggle, and slaying the most formidable of the giants, saved the throne for the new lord of the sky.

At another time we hear of Hercules contending with Apollo for the Delphio Tripod; of which difficulty, however, the gods effected an amicable settlement, leaving the oracle in the hands of Apollo but no rancor in the bosom of Hercules- The demi-god was not the creature to bear a grudge: that sort of thing he left to the lords and ladies of Olympus.

Of the "twelve tasks" of Hercules, it is unnecessary, in view of the purpose of this paper to speak in detail. It is important only to remember that these exploits were performed under *duresse*, and to note in passing that Hercules converted his trip to Hades into a mission of mercy, in that he made it the occasion of bring Theseus back to the upper world.

Finally when Troy was visited by the sea serpent and when at last the lot fell to Hesione to be exposed, it was Hercules who slew the dragon and rescued the daughter of the king. When Prometheus was bound to the rock, it was Hercules who, after thirteen generations, passed that way and released the fallen angel from the torture which he had incurred for his benefactions to man. When Admetus was appointed to die and when to his surprise among all his friends and relatives not one could be found except Alcestis so good as to die in his stead, it was Hercules who volunteerad to wrestle with Death and save the devoted wife from her self-imposed doom.

If, therefore, there be any virtue in a youth's renunciation of a life of pleasure, in a young man's raising the tribute of his city, in a son's establishing the dignity of his father, in a pupil's administering correction to his master; if there be any praise in suffering defeat without a murmur, in doing kindly service by the way, in meeting even death for the sake of another,—if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, let the "Philistine" think on these things before he lays his impious hand upon the kindly Hercules.

"HORATIUS."

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE,—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

A brilliant record follows the American College. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Princeton furnished to the American people their lofty conception of independence and bestowed upon them the power to establish a government, that would endure all shocks, to which governments can be subjected. The heroic period of American history was almost a natural consequence of the influence of the American College. Having done so much to render the government stable, it multiplied itself all over the land, and sent young patriots from its walls, to do battle for its country and humanity. The time has not long passed when the college ideal was the only ideal culture of a man.

The ideal of the college is the training up of human beings towards their highest possibilities, by calling into exercise all their faculties and powers, by stirring up their finer sensibilities, giving standards of taste, and fitting the heart with noble emulation. The product of this idea is not to be gauged so much by what he knows, as by what he is. This end comes nearest being attained, if he is incapable of anything mean, if he is incapable of using an inferior article, if his ear detects the foremost line of battle, in the progress of the world, and his instinct for something higher takes him there. Not so much that the world can say, "Here comes an engineer, here comes an architect, here comes a doctor, or here comes a lawyer", but that it shall spontaneously exclaim, "Here comes a man." He will rise above the specialist, the man who is trained in one particular trade or profession, and who neither knows, nor cares about the elevating and refining influence of a liberal and Christian education. It is to be hoped and prayed that the training of men yield not to the training of experts. If it does, it will have a most depressing and degrading influence upon the character of our civilization. First let a man attend college, and imbibe a general culture, and then send him to a university to become an expert in his chosen vocation.

But it has been often asserted that our manufacturing and commercial interests need to be conserved. This is true, but they must not be conserved by allowing men to grow up in ignorance, on account of their immolation. Of course instructions in manufacturing and commerce should receive their full share of attention, so far as they affect the community at large, but certainly all of our ideas of liberty constrain us to keep our industries free from the economic evils of slavery and serfdom.

In an incidental way, the college gives a superintendent or principal to nearly every factory or warehouse in the country. It often supplies a much needed subordinate or efficient private. Can a good man be out of place in any environment? Certainly not. The environment demands a man. The purpose of the college is not to teach a branch with a view to what the boy will do with it, but as to what it will do with the boy. Give me the college every time for a boy, not the university.

England made her history by means of her colleges. She has long ago recognized this fact, and fosters and bestows encouragement upon them like a watchful mother. Her universities are but colleges. As a consequence of this care, her society from being an ignorant mobocracy, has been elevated morally, intellectually, and politically, and the little island has become the commercial center of the world.

It has frequently been confidently urged that the college is not practical enough for the people, and so must decay and die. But it cannot die. While the popular mind may condemn colleges for a while, the pendulum is certain to swing back the other way, college ideals will be more popular than ever, and the choice of the people will revert back to true ancient classics, that form of culture, which the experience of centuries has taught to be safest, highest, best.

There is an enemy to colleges, and it is one that will have to be guarded against. It is commercialism. Shall we be debased by love of gain, or shall we be ennobled by high endeavor? The young men of this country must reply to this question. We have had our warning, so let us respond in time, in order that not only may our country be fortified against external foes, but against internal as well.

PERCY L. CLIFTON.

ODYSSEUS FOCUSED WITH TRUTH.

As time on Pegasean pinions wings its rapid flight and the circling years with their revolving months turn destiny's fate-bearing loom, many things are furled with oblivion and Lethe's surging billows bury them deep from human view, while others fall a prey to the devouring tooth of time, and from their ashes Phoenix-like arise beings fashioned peculiarly strange. Some are subject to decay, while others are a thing of progress, never dying, but expanding throughout eternity, ever uplifting and elevating man into a higher and purer sphere, ideal, and yet real. In olden times there was an Odysseus mighty in heroic grandeur and chivalrous deeds, the equal to Zeus in wisdom, and stoical in endurance.—A man without tear for pleasure or pain, who has been debased by writers of a later school, and especially by those of the Augustanage living on the bounty of patronage received from a flattered court, and who has been made to degenerate from the virtues of the Homeric original. Yet in spite of the destructive hands of the ages, the Carmens of Homer come to us from beneath the tramplings of many silent centuries, brushing aside the mildewed curtain of the past and disclosing to our view an ideal hero—one, who by far o'ertowers the song of Peleus, and one—through whom we gain an insight into the beauty of pre-Hellenic life and thought. As the bulwark of Archean greatness and the embodiment of Grecian manliness and nobleness ever, in the favor of the gods he stood firm, and, where the prowess of Achilles failed, all obstacles vanished before the wisdom-shining eyes of Ithaca, and the Trojans fell prone before the Zeus, descended son of Laertes, "whom neither Diomedes, nor Larissian Achilles, nor a siege of ten years, nor a thousand ships had subdued." He has no parallel in the history of time, with a life perennial, as enduring as the "golden watch-dogs of Alcinous," subject neither to decay nor to change, vitalizing a past abounding in many unknown speculations, and clothing it with transcendent beauty which today excites the wonder and admiration of the entire world, though it lies in ruins. The character of Odysseus to Homer was not a fictitious one, nor was it brought by him straight from the mine of fancy, but he was known even to the pre-Homeric world, and his achievements had been sung ere Homer crowned him with a halo of supernatural splendor to flourish throughout the ages. He was reverenced by the Ancient Greeks with no less adoration than the Bard of Avon is

worshipped by the English-speaking race of today, and to them he was none the less real. Homer found him already a luminous phenomenon arising upon the horizon of Hellenic life, and fashioned by a master hand. The nineteenth century has a means, by which in fancy it is transported to a pre-Hellenic world, in many respects different from historical Greece, and separated from it by a chasm of unfathomable centuries, when the sword was the arbiter of wrongs, and when Jove-nourished princes lived under the special protection of the gods, and on account of whom the Olympian household was often thrown into brawls and wrangles. Middle-aged, Odysseus cannot compare in beauty with the fair son of Thetis, yet what he laked in external charms was counterbalanced by internal loveliness. Brave in war and full of eloquence he was the mainstay of the Achean camp, when the destructive wrath of Achilles left it defenceless to the onslaughts of man-slaying Hector. As a statesman he stood side by side with the "clear voiced orator of the Pylians," and it was he, who led the embassies both for propitiating gods and men—returning the daughter of Chryses to her dearly beloved father in honor of the far darting king, and again we see him going by night to the tent of Achilles to persuade him to lay aside his wrath and re-enter the fight. In the Iliad Odysseus uses cunning and performs many gory deeds, which redound to the glory of the Greeks, and which was a means, by which to obtain a certain end—and therefore we can not estimate the true character of a man amid the courage of battle, for war sanctions all things, but let us follow in his trail homeward after Ilion's fall, and see if such a one could have been a contriver of crime and villiany, as the debased Ulysses of Vergiliantine. For ten wearisome years driven by adverse winds, he was tossed upon many lands far remote from his native Ithaca, yet, amid all his sufferings and temptation, he always bore with silent fortitude whatever the gods saw fit to place upon him. His course was fair sailing, until he came to the abode of Polyphemus, the largest one of the Cyclopean race. That day was the beginning of his woes, having aroused the wrath of Poseidon, who compelled him to climb many a watery main and to wander through many lands. Here we see the traits and qualities of the true Odysseus, which have been massacred by some perverse writers. We notice his rashness due to a love of daring and adventure, and we are amazed at his quick versatality of speech, and more so, at his power to extricate himself from most trying and difficult circumstances. Here they sit down and await the master's home-coming, and soon they are cognizant of his return by the trembling of the earth beneath their feet. In the lurking places of the cave Odysseus and his companions are perceived by the Cyclops, and commanded to stand forth and declare who they are. Ithaca, with that well known self command, reels

forth, and ever wily, replies "no man," which declaration afterwards assisted him in effecting his escape. His boldness in asking food from the Cyclops cannot be pictured, nor has it an equal. It is true that his ride forth from the cave was prejudicial to his erstwhile nobility of action, yet circumstances may often alter cases. Again upon approaching Scylla and Charybdis his boldness is displayed, when he defies Scylla with drawn steel, and in consequence of which he falls into Charybdis with his ship submerged, and he himself clinging to the fig tree above. As Professor Jebb says:

"This excess of daring of Odysseus is a trait, which distinguishes him from the cold, cautious, even mean-souled Odysseu of later writers."

Though strong as he is, yet he is subject to human frailties and resolves to hear the Sirens' song upon nearing the enchanted shore. When their melody fell upon his ear, he importuned his men to free him from the mast and alter their course, but Father Zeus had shaken Olympus with his nod that Ulysses, after passing through hazards manifold, should reach home in answer to the supplications of Athene. In the Odyssey we see how great a care he was to the heavenly household. On the threshold of it we perceive the gods in council on lofty Olympus, and Athene beseeching the all powerful son of Cronus that her heart may not be rent in twain for Ulysses bound fast in the far off island of the sea by the soft charms of the daughter of Atlas, and in answer to her prayer Jove nodded downward his ambrosial locks, and straightway Hermes binds to his shining feet his golden sandels, and glides downward to Ogygia, as soon as he had heard the divine command, and quickly he puts it into execution. He found Calypso in her magic bower, with Ulysses far apart at the shore murmuring unavailing prayers to the old man of the sea to regard the friend and comrade in arms of Achilles. Hermes bids Calypso to release her captive and furnish him with necessary equipments for his return home. True to love and duty Adysseus was sitting at the sea-side with his thoughts far beyond the watery expanse, as it was his daily custom to do, bewailing the fate which held him fast an exile on this isle, though he had company in a goddess and ambrosial nectar crowned her bowls, for his heart was buried with Penelope and Telemachus in barren Ithaca far away, whom he had left nearly twenty years before, and he was wasting himself away in tears for his native land. He sets sail again to be beset by Poseidon on his return from the feast of the Ethiopians, but to be thrown upon the Phaecian coast, thanks to the scarf of Leucothea, Here again he was beseiged by the affections of lovely Nausicaa, but true to plighted troth and filial faith he remained through these many years in spite of the shifts and wiles of mortals andgods.

In studying the character of Odosseus we may get a beautiful conception life—some of its days bright and sunny while others are dark and dreary. It has many obstacles and difficulties to be vanquished; which sometimes requires a Herculean arm to brush aside, but perseverence soon drives all sorrows and woes in time away from our soul. Virgil in the writing of his Aeneid, wished to link together the fortunes of the Julian gens with the destiny of Rome, and to deify Augustus by tracing his descent through the Trojan line, on through Iulus to Cytherea. Unconfined witn facts or circumstances he succeeded well in his undertaking, and by his unceasing drawing from the Homeric mines he has embellished his works with unsurpassing beauty. He has ever been a faithful copyist of the Homeric original save in the portrayal of their chief characters, which have been unmercifully lacerated and torn. The influence of such a character, as the Homeric Odysseus, upon the literature of today can hardly be overrated. His life and actions furnish an inexhaustible source of inspiration from which the eve of the 19th century gets its essonce and flavor, hence his name can never die but will be as enduring as time itself. The present is the pupil of the past, to which it looks for instruction and direction. Ever will its heroes be worshipped at learning's shrine, yea, with more than eastern idolatry. The earth crowns them with her richest honors, and from the pinnacle of their greatness, they look down and command the homage of all.

EDWIN LEONARD WALL.—'99

LOVE.

Love—a funny little creature,
Comes to bad-boy and to preacher,
Goes right in each fellow's heart,
Plants in each a fiery dart;
Comes again in after years,
Waters them with pearly tears.
You may shun him, you may greet him,
But (little rascal) you can't beat him.

M. H. BROWN, '00.

MAN.

Life is like a rushing torrent
  Pouring down the mountain side,
Bourne by every wave and current
  Pours the stream of time and tide.

Man is like a tiny bubble
  Cast upon the crested wave,
Washed by seas of storm and trouble
  From the cradle to the grave.

As the bubble, dancing, sparkling,
  Bursts upon some rocky shore,
So the man, his weak feet stumbling,
  Often falls to rise no more.

Then beware, "O man of knowledge,"
  In thy wisdom trust not all;
God alone can guide thee onward;
  Trust in self foretells a fall.

T. W. Holloman, '00.

Jan. 17, '99.

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EDITORIAL.

'Tis said that the effect of a man's college days upon his future life can hardly be under-estimated. Men of experience tell us that the four years spent upon the campus of our alma mater will have more to do with our characters than all our subsequent years. And it does seem reasonable that being taken suddenly from under the careful counsel of anxious parents and placed for the first time upon his own resources should prove a test of a man's character. It is a time when he will form strong and influential friendships and, being thrown constantly into the company of several hundred boys, those whom he then chooses to be his most intimate friends are those friends of all others whose characters will most strongly affect his own. The ancient adage about birds of a feather is seen very forcibly demonstrated at college, and though it is also true that sometimes those who are unlike are

thrown together, still one or the other soon changes and they are "*birds of a feather*" forever afterwards.

We have no doubt that the firmness and soundness of judgment with which a fellow meets his new responsibilities, the manner in which he falls in with his new companions, the discretion with which he forms his college friendships, the system with which he chooses a line of work and the determination with which he follows it up from day to day will be a fair index to his future.

We have no inclination to draw a moral from the foregoing or to discourse upon the importance of keeping a careful watch upon habit during these four years; but to one interested in human character college life will furnish many fine specimens for study. And doubtless in after years it will be interesting to look around upon the lives of our old college mates and see whether he who drifted then is still on the drift and whether he who was determined, methodical, industrious has made the greater progress and lived a life more truly successful.

The way a man parts his hair, or the cut of his clothes, has nothing to do with the substantial qualities of his mind. It is an old saw that appearances are deceitful, but the truth is too often overlooked. Appearances count for something, but they furnish no certain ground for judgment, to a sensible person at least. What a man *is*, what he can do, what he will do, his ambitions and aspirations, his innate feeling for the good and beautiful, are what count. That shaggy and unkempt hair may cover a head that will enrich the world by the depth of its thinking. That coat hanging like a sack may cover a heart that can feel the sorrows that break strong men's spirits, and bear them with a strength that will be an inspiring example to all who see. And under it may be a soul sensitive to the faintest breath of divine music, thrilled with high and holy feelings, inspired to do great things for humanity.

Judge not by appearances.

H. T. C.

No one will attempt to deny the importance and the advantages of the Literary Society in College. And yet how few students take *any real* interest in or avail themselves of the opportunity for self-improvement offered by these societies.

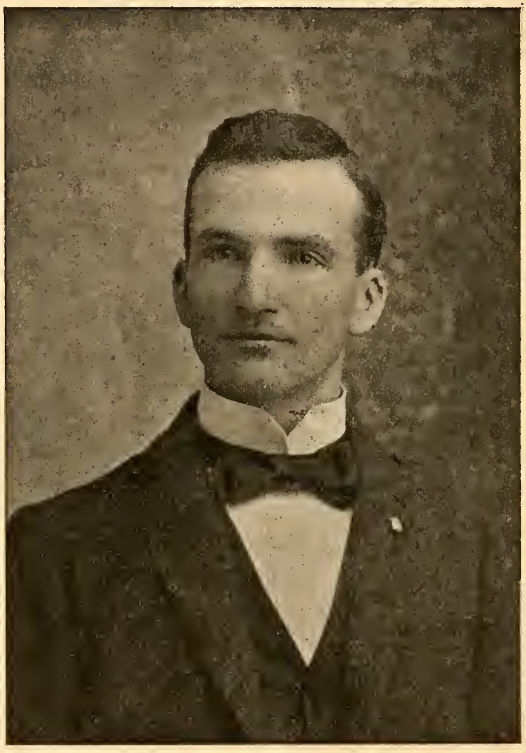
The truth is that too few fellows realize that in order to reap the advantages from the Literary Societies they must make it as much a part of their work as they do their recitations. Too many fellows seem to think that they must join, pay their dues and the Society will do the rest. This is manifestly wrong. No self-improvement comes without effort. Who, pray, expects to make a physical man out of

himself simply by joining the Athletic Association and then sitting idly by and watching the other boys "skin the cat"? Or who expects to become an educated man by simply matriculating in a good college and buying a full set of text books, the contents of which he never attempts to familiarize himself with? It can not be done. Since the days of Adam men have had to win their bread, and whatever else they get worth the having, by the sweat of the face, and the Literary Society follows the same old rule—be it wise or otherwise. Seeing what a splendid opportunity these clubs offer for improvement in graceful and easy speaking, in logical and forcible debate and in parliamentary practice, every man who now neglects to take advantage of it will some day look back on that part of his college life with sincere regret.

That the American people are deeply interested in the cause of education is easily evidenced by the amount of money given every month by philanthropists to the great institutions of the country. Every newspaper contains an account of some generous gift of this character. The Educational Review for December contains the record of Mrs. Emmons Blaine having given $250,000 to the University of Chicago. Other gifts contained in the same number are as follows: To Tufts College, $30,000; to Library Fund of Williams and Mary College, $5,000; to University of Cincinnati, $60,000; to Monmouth College, $50,000; to Mt. Holyoke College, $100,000.

How many people there are in the world to whom the power of criticising the work of others seems to be given as an especial accomplishment. And it is truly admirable, the fidelity with which they use and develop this their "*one talent*". How noble it is in such men as these to sacrifice "great deeds" of their own to devote their whole lives to special attention to the work of other people. True they often reserve their judgments till 'tis too late to mend the matter, yet who can fail to appreciate their philanthropic motives as they go about from day to day finding flaws in everything of whatever nature. Some men of a "cruel", "harsh" disposition are prone to suggest that it would be better for the world if these critics would attempt some work of their own, and criticise by the splendor of their own exemplary accomplishments rather than by the keenness of "words, words, words," but of course these are unappreciative, billious fellows who fail to grasp the value of this school of critics who from prehistoric times have been as numberless as the sands of the sea shore.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.



FRANCIS MARION AUSTIN.

The above is a cut of the first B.A. graduate of Millsaps College —Francis Marion Austin.

In September, 1892, the first year of the institution's history, he was matriculated as a member of the Sophomore Class. He soon made an enviable record as a student, and in his Junior year was, with J. T. Calhoun (B.A., '96), elected by the Board of Trustees, Assistant Instructor in the Preparatory Department. That his work there was satisfactory is evidenced by the fact that during the next two succeed-

ing years he held the same position. During this his Junior year, he appeared in March as the first Anniversarian of the Lamar Society. The year previous, his first year in college, he was one of the representatives of his society in its first joint debate with the Galloway. In June, 1895, with H. S. Stevens, of Augusta, and J. G. Lilly, of Chesterville, he presented himself to the Board of Trustees as a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was awarded a diploma, the two other members of the class receiving the degree of B.S.

During the session of '96-'97, as an assistant in the Preparatory Department, he was considered by the faculty a careful, accurate, painstaking teacher. The same earnestness which characterized the student was likewise a characteristic of the teacher.

Entering the newly organized law class in the fall of '97, he easily ranked among the strongest men and best students of a remarkably bright—I might say brilliant—class. His examination for license to practice law was spoken of by a member of the Supreme Bench as one of exceptional excellence. Along with the other members of his law class, he was graduated in June, 1897, receiving the degree of L. L.B. Hence he bears a double stamp from the institution. Having finished his education, both classical and professional, he began to cast about for a desirable place in which to display his sign of "Lawyer," as well as to give the people the benefit of his legal talent. Edna, Texas, was the place of his choice. His success here was nothing more than his friends expected. He soon took his place among the rising young lawyers of a rising young city. With a growing practice, he soon realized that the limits of Edna were too narrow, and having formed a very advantageous partnership in Beaumont, Texas, is now a practicing lawyer in that city. Temptations, we hear, have come to him in the flattering guise of political preferment. But he seems not to discount the proverbial jealousy of his mistress. With his eye on success in a great profession, with an excellent foundation on which to build, his college education, and with a determination that will carry him over every difficulty, his alma mater can but believe in his success. She points with pride to him as one who wears her sign and shield.

E. W. Cook will enter Mossey Business College soon, in Atlanta, Georgia.

J. P. T. Stephens is another one of the boys at Tulane. He gets his M.D. in May.

J. E. Alford is with his brother in the drug business in Gallman, Mississippi.

J. L. S. Rogers is a pharmacist at Helena, Ark.

P. H. Fontaine is pastor of Parker Memorial Church, New Orleans.

Roy Leftwich is merchandising with considerable success in Port Vincent, La.

J. E. Berry, who, by the way, is married, is merchandising in Benton, Miss.

J. C. Crisler, after leaving college, entered the medical college in Memphis, where he graduated. He then took the regular course at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating with distinction. He is now practicing in Flora, Miss., and is not yet satisfied with his professional training, as he intends going to Germany this fall.

The following appointments, made at the recent session of the Mississippi Conference, will be of interest: J. W. Tinnin, Whitestown; J. A. Moore, Bogue Chitto; J. D. Ellis, Mount Carmel; L. E. Alford, Westville; H. A. Gatlin, Beauregard; L. F. Alford, North Kemper.

OUR EXCHANGE TABLE.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of so many good papers and magazines. Periodicals of this character are improving rapidly. Every one seems to be taking a great deal of interest in them. The fiction is sometimes real entertaining and the verse remarkable for its sweetness.

The Hamden Sidney magazine comes to us in an attractive crimson binding. This magazine is now at a higher standard than ever before, it is one of the finest magazines we have received. It has many merits, especially do we notice with pleasnre that it is not made a tool for dry school-boy jokes.

The Clionian of Whitworth College is a welcome visitor to us. We have always been interested in the W. F. C., and wish the Clionian every success. The last issue of the Clionian is represented well by debates and essays and the Muse seems to play a conspicious part on every page.

We are always glad to welcome the Wofford College Journal in our exchange department. The Journal deserves a place at the "head of the ranks" and we are sure she will get it. We are glad to see how much interest its contributors are taking in fiction.

The Tulane Collegian has just appeared in our midst. It is the first issue of the season and a good one too, The article on Keats is excellent, the one on "Sisterly Love and Influence" just as good.

The Hindix College Mirror is a good magazine, the articles on Thomas Jefferson, R. E. Lee and Sir Walter Scott are good, but the Mirror is deficient in fiction and verse.

For an interesting magazine give us the Randolph Macon Monthly. Its fiction is excellent, its verse smooth. The article entitled "College Spirit" ought to be read by every college man.

The Port Gibson Female College Chimes is on the table before us. We congratulate the senior class for getting up such a good magazine. One of tne best things in the last issne was an acrostic. We are glad to exchange with the Chimes.

We received the A. & M. College Reflector. There is not enough

interest taken In this magazine. We find no orations, fiction or verse and too many stale and meaningless jokes.

We are glad to receive regularly the University Record. The Record is a good college paper and is a fair representative of the college spirit of the University.

STEPPING STONES.

In a church yard old I stood alone
And dreamed, where roses climbed and swirled,
That a grave is naught but a stepping stone
Whence a soul is crossed to the better world.

When I shall enter the cold, dark stream,
And faint and far, earth's tune hath grown,
Loved hands once lost in life's sad dream,
Shall guide me safe o'er the stepping stones.

—M. A. S. in H.-S. Magazine.

Hats off!
A girl is coming down the street,
A pretty face and figure neat.
With lips of red and white brow high,
And heaven's own blue in her laughing eye,
She wears those colors in her tie—
Hats off!
The flag is passing.—Ex.

Cæsar conquered many nations,
Conquerer of the world was he:
And at the examinations
Cæsar completely conquered me.—Ex.

The laboratory students especially will be interested in the following reaction: "Potassium, Iodide and Sulphur under slight pressure gives an exceedingly interesting result as as follows: KI plus 2S equals KISS. This experiment is dangerous as the above results may not be accomplished and instead the reaction may be very violent. Therefore, this experiment should be attempted in the absence of light and when few (usually two) are present.

A professor met one of his Latin students recently with a chew of tobacco in his mouth, the professor asked: "Quid est hoc?" The boy replied: "Hoc est quid."

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

The Young Men's Christian Association in its college branch has a wonderful field in which to work. College life is the formative period of manhood, during which character is outlined and established, therefore, all the influence for good should be shed around the young mind to direct it in a way that leads to a life of usefulness. This influence is strongest in the Y. M. C. A. The greatest privilege of college days is that of coming in touch with our fellow students and in leading them into plains of higher life. The college association is the surest way of touching those around us.

Rev. G. W. Bachman of Kosciusko recently presented the association with a number of copies of Leslie's Sunday magazine for which we are very thankful.

"A strong religious sentiment pervades the institution, and the Y. M. C. A., is doing better work than during previous years." President Murrah in report to Mississippi College.

The Editor of Men offer a liberal commission to any one of our Association who will secure subscribers in the college or in his town during the vacation.

At the regular monthly business meeting for December the reports of the various committees were heard. These reports were very encouraging and show that the respective committees are untiring in the performance of their duties.

The carpet for our new hall has been ordered and will be put down as soon as it can be had.

The Sunday afternoon meetings for the past month were conducted by Rev. Mr Hutton of the First Presbyterian church, Prof. Ricketts of our faculty, Prof. Hardy superintendent of the Jackson schools and Rev. Mr. Howard, Rector of the Episcopal church.

A recent addition to our hall was the placing of Y. M. C. A., in shining letters over the main and side entrances.

At a special business meeting on the afternoon of January 14th it was decided to take immediate steps toward establishing our reading room. Several periodicals were subscribed for and some papers were donated. Any donations to our room or table by our friends will be highly appreciated.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Prof. J. P. Hanner has recently been elected a member of the Modern Language Association of America. Profs. Hanner and Weber and Dr. Ferrill are the only members of this Association among the college professors of Mississippi.

In the Bi-monthly Review of January and February, 1899, will be published an article entitled, "Colonel William L. Nugent," by Bishop Charles B. Galloway, D.D., LL.D., and also one entitled, "Science Teaching in Southern Colleges," by A. M. Muckenfuss, Ph.D.

Among the members of the faculty of Millsaps who hold positions in the Methodist Sunday Schools of the city are: At the First Church —Dr. Moore, teacher of the New Testament in Greek; Prof. Ricketts, teacher of the Bible class; and Prof. Weber, teacher of the Psalms as literature. At Capitol Street Church—Dr. Muckenfuss, teacher of Bible class. Nearly all the students in college are members of one of these Sunday Schools.

Of the members of the Sophomore class, seventeen will contend for places to engage in the contest at commencement for The Oscar Kearney Andrews medal.

Dr. Murrah went to the Mississippi Conference at Hattiesburg by way of New Orleans, where he attended a meeting of the Southern Teachers' Association.

For the benefit of those who are interested, and especially for students of the college, we publish the average age of the members of the different classes: The Freshman, 18§ years; Sophomore, 19 5-12 years; Junior, 20 5-7 years, and Senior, 21 2 9 years.

There are 17 members of the Freshman class who will apply for places to contest for the Millsaps Medal at our next commencement.

An interesting meeting of the Sophomore class was held in Prof. Weber's recitation room on the 16th, with Vice President R. A. Clark in the chair. At the meeting committees were appointed to adopt class colors, class yells, organize basket ball team, and prepare a lit-

erary program for the next meeting. The class of '01 is ambitious, and there seems to be quite a class spirit among its members.

The question for the annual debate between the Lamar and Galloway Literary Societies is: Resolved, That the United States should adopt the policy of territorial expansion. The negative will be represented by Messrs. J. W. Mitchell and J. T. McCafferty, of the Galloway; the affirmative by Messrs. T. W. Holloman and J. A. Teat, of the Lamars.

Mr. A. W. Fridge, one of our students, has been appointed by his Congressman, Mr. McLean, to West Point Military Academy.

A few days ago Mr. R. L. Cannon was called home on account of the death of his father and his brother. The entire student body join with us in extending to him our sympathy in his bereavement.

Dr. Murrah has announced that our commencement sermon will be preached by Bishop Candler, of Georgia.

There was a very interesting debate between the two societies on Friday evening, Jan. 20th, in the Lamar Society Hall. The question: "Resolved, That International Disarmament Would Produce Universal Peace," was represented on the affirmative by the Galloway speakers, Messrs. W. E. M. Brogan, W. T. Browning and J. T. Lewis. The negative side was represented by Messrs. G. L. Harrell, L. F. Magruder and W. O. Sadler, in behalf of the Lamars. After some time, the committee, chosen for the occasion, Drs. J. A. Moore, A. M. Muckenfuss and Prof. E. L. Baley, rendered its decision in favor of the affirmative.

Dr. Murrah will give the ministerial students a lecture on "Manliness in the preacher" at the next monthly meeting.

The officers who will serve the Galloway Society for this quarter are: R. A. Clark, President; R. S. Hall, Vice-president; W. L. Duren, Recording Secretary; J. H. Dorroh, Assistant Secretary; H. A. Jones, Corresponding Secretary; T. C. Bradford, Treasurer, W. E. M. Brogan, Critic; C. M. Simpson, Sergeant-at-Arms; A. A. Hearst, Auditor; W. T. Browning, Chaplain. Those for the Lamars are: P. Wall, President; M. A. Chambers, Vice-president; W. O. Sadler, Recording Secretary; W. W. Holmes, Corresponding Secretary; L. Wall, Treasurer; W. M. Buie, Censor; H. T. Mounger, Chaplain; H. B. Watkins, Critic, J. W. McNair, Door-keeper. Our societies did good work last quarter and the indications are that better will be done in the next.

We were glad to have had Rev. R. W. Bailey pastor of the First Methodist church and Bishop Galloway with us recently.

The January meeting of the Scientific Association was held last Tuesday afternoon. Nearly all the members were present, also several visitors. The meeting was a very enjoyable as well as profitable one. Much interest being manifested in the exercises. The diffierent subjects on the program were discussed as follows: "Sentimentality in Science Teaching," by J. T. Lewis; "The New Planet August 12th, '98," by T. C. Bradford; "Motion in the Line of Sight," or "Shown by the Spectorscope;" by Dr. J. A. Moore; "Sanitation in Havana," by T. W. Holloman; "Electric Railways Instead of Steam," by S. L. Burwell; "Upper Regions of Air," by H. T. Carley.

W. R. King, a former student of this college, spent last Sunday on the Campus. He was returning home from the University of Kentucky, where he recently received a diploma.

Mr. O. S. Hopkins has presented the Museum with a pair of Indian ball sticks. Some information about how the Indians use these sticks in the game may be found in "Tom-A-Hawk's" article of our last issue.

Rev. Henry Vanhook and Mr. Marvin Ormund were welcome visitors to Millsaps some days ago.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. I. FEBRUARY, 1899. No. 4.

A SONNET.

To him whose voice was first of all to praise,
To him whose love has never yet grown cold,
To him whose faith the passing years uphold
And stronger build the hopes of early days,
To him in feeble way a song I raise
That tells the goodness, else to be untold;
For scarce can words of men be brought to hold
Within themselves the tribute duty pays.
A heart that feels no throb of fear or dread
When danger stands, nor shrinks when duty calls
But melts with pity, giving freely aid
To those who know to ask. Tho' crust of bread
Be all his power, no cry for help e'er falls
Unheeded. On his heart the burden's laid.

C. R. LYMAN.

POETRY IN ITS ENNOBLING INFLUENCE ON MAN.

In the confidence of his ability to mould the character of a nation by the lofty, ennobling, influence of poetry, a great poet once said: "Let me make a people's songs, and you make its laws." Thus it has been through ages, the poet has ever been the moving spirit of the Universe. Mythology tells us that on Olympus, where were assembled, in mighty council, the gods of the Ancients, it required but the nod of a head from their Almighty Jove to move the world. History gives us the record of terrible conflicts that in a day have made and unmade kingdoms and have shaken the world to its utmost bounds; conflicts that were precipitated by the mere wave of a monarch's scepter. There have been times within the memory of many of you, when statesmen, by the influence of their eloquence and the force of their logic, have guided through channels of success the movements of a nation. All these have had their part in the world's progress in material wealth and prosperity, in temporal possessions and fame; but it has been left for the poets, those master-minds who occupy a sphere

all their own—a sphere intermediate between divine and human—to enrich the soul, that spiritual portion of mortals, to plant and nourish in humanity a greater love of God and His creations, to break down the barriers that enclose the limited domain of man, and to furnish him broader fields to roam, an ampler ether within which his soul may soar.

Poetry is the fruit of genius and the poet's genius transcends that of man's other teachers; his influence is but the convergence of the other ennobling influences to which man is subject. There is a beauty that emanates from the painter's brush; a magnificence carved by the sculptor's chisel; there is a music that thrills the hearts of a people, an eloquence that stirs ambitions and gives inspirations; there is a love that lends to life its glory; so, there is a poetry, the very sum of these, that may touch the tender chords of human affection and draw forth the emotions of a soul within.

To be susceptible to the true influence of poetry, man should possess, to a degree, a sense for the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, that may form within him a responsive chord that will vibrate in unison with the flow of melody from a poet's soul and help to swell the grand diapason of the Universe. What is the fall of Niagara to one who but gazes and is content? Let him who has within his breast some appreciation of the beauty of music, stand before this awe-inspiring product of Nature and there will be stirred within him, emotions that swell with the rhythmical music of the Falls. The skilled violinist may draw from his instrument strains of melody, so soft and clear, that seem almost music divine; now rising and falling in the sweetest cadences, now growing louder and louder in a wild passionate outburst. His hearers, rapt with the glorious melody, mount with him as he ascends higher and higher, lost in sweet forgetfulneess of earthly cares, the emotions of their souls vibrating under the influence of a higher nobler delight. So the poet, playing upon the strings of affection and ambition, bears us with him in his ethereal flights, uniting into one grand harmonious whole the loves and inspirations of men.

Poetry has been depreciated by some as pa taking too much of the nature of wild and shadowy dreams, as being too full of setimentalism and mystery. Such critics would follow too closely the tendencies of this remarkable age of materialism and science, and would posit such as the all important end of life. They would reduce life to "meat and raiment," taking no heed of the precious treasures of the soul. Here it is that the Church finds in poetry a most powerful ally. In their opposition to what may be termed the purely scientific spirit, in their unceasing warfare upon a materialism that dwarfs the soul, in their endeavor to awaken the susceptibilities of man, in their recog-

nition of man and nature as divine, the true poet and the true preacher are working to the same end; their methods may be widely different but they are dominated by the same spirit.

The poets might be called dreamers, if you define the term as meaning those who look beyond the temporal and evanescent to that which is spiritual and eternal. The poets sing of love—not the sentimental love of the rhymsters—but that which guided Dante through the regions of hell and purgatory to the divine light of paradise; a love that inspired Shakespere's heroes to deeds of valor and his heroines to acts of self-sacrifice. The poets sing of freedom, of heroism, of suffering, of hope; they sing of beauties of Nature and would teach us to look through Nature up to Nature's God. They sing of man in all his states, in sorrow and in rejoicing, in humiliation and in victory. They seek through man, man's Creator and sing of him exercising in the majesty of his being, His omnipotence, or shining in the full splendor of His celestial glory, or speaking in that still small voice to His despairing sons. If such themes be ignoble or unworthy the highest efforts of man's genius, then should the poet be banished from among us, but if they be the noblest man can contemplate, if they alone can elevate and cleanse man, then should the poet be exalted to the highest throne of our admiration and love, and wield his magic scepter over boundless realms.

The Hebrews well called their poets "Seers," for they not only perceive more than others, but they also help other men to see much which would otherwise be lost to us. We know that the secret of the world is profound, yet it is but natural, that we, with such limited conceptions of our environments, should, in our weakness, seek an interpreter who shall draw from over the world of mysticism the veil that shuts from our vision its wonder and greatness. Where shall we find such an one except among the poets? those whose paths lie through the great Void; those who, penetrating the glories and mysteries of heaven, exploring the caverns and corridors of hell, return to place before us the truths they have learned. How shall we, who look not to the morrow but content ourselves with the pleasures of today, learn what the future bears in its bosom for the betterment of mankind? The poet is gifted with an insight that far surpasses that of other men; his penetrating eye looks far into the future, seeing the necessities of man and discerning man's possibilities. Truly are the poets the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.

Poetry is also the crystalization of the higher life of a race. The poets have the power of identifying themselves with their nation and time and of seeing there that which is eternal. They find themselves in the river of thought forced onward by the ideas and necessities of

their contemporaries. There comes then from poetry that broadening effect which makes a man a citizen of the world in all ages; he can see that life, which in so many ages, under so many circumstances has asserted itself, and wherever there is such life there is inspiration for man. We learn from the poets of Greece what their nation was in the morning-time of civilization. We learn from Vergil, Dante and other Italian poets what we know of Italy's culture. We turn to the poets of the time of great Elizabeth, to learn of England's intellectual, artistic and spiritual life. We read the poets of Germany to know of the life of their nation and to learn of its awakening. How clearly the life of each nation is reflected through its poetry.

We live today surrounded by the bounteous gifts of God's creation, yet we see but faintly the glory of His work. To us, in our selfishness, Nature seems only a necessary accompaniment to man's existence and comfort in this world, but to the poet the beauties and wonders of Nature are as a revelation of God in his infinite wisdom and power. Many a man has found freshness and delight in Nature, but it has remained for the poet to see its deeper significance, to lay bare its secrets before us, and to arouse in us a higher appreciation of the magnificence of its architecture and a greater reverence for its Designer. Wherever snow falls or water flows or birds fly; wherever day and night meet in twilight, wherever the heaven is hung by clouds or sown with stars; wherever there is danger, awe or love, there also is beauty; and beauty is the one condition of Nature most opportune and noble for the poet.

Like music, painting and architecture, the poet leads man into those high regions where "Human dies divine." It does more than contribute to the aesthetic life, it appeals to and influences the whole being; it suggests a beauty that cannot be expressed, a truth that cannot be uttered, a perfection that cannot be attained in this life.

The poets keep alive the spark of divinity in man and are the successors of David who, with lyrics of unexcelled beauty, poured out his whole heart, now in great sorrow, now in supreme joy; of Job, who struggled through the darkness of mental doubts and spiritual agonies until he saw the light of God break on his soul; of the author of the Book of Revelations, who caught a glimpse of the City of the New Jerusalem.

"That one far off divine event,
Toward which all creation moves."

GEORGE BOYD POWER, '97,
Graduating Speech.

"THE PIUS AENEAS."

Sing, Oh! Melpomene of that wrath, that destructive wrath, which is about to unbosom itself in all its fury upon the head of the writer of this sketch, and who no doubt will be said to wander into the realms of fanaticism, and to stray far remote from the teachings of his youth, yet to every question there are two sides—one bulwarked by a mighty following trusting in their superiority of numbers, the other, defended by a few Spartans, brave, fighting for principle, and their convictions, ready to die for the right, rather than strive for the wrong. Though we stand a minority of two arrayed in opposition to a host innumerable, yet our cause is none the less noble and true and justice should be given to him, to whom justice is due. So it is a pleasure to take my position on the seeming cheerless side of this question and to link my fortunes to the Aeneadae, ready to follow the man of destiny into whatever parts he shall see fit to lead us.

He has engaged the attention of the entire world from the time when Ilion's smiling plains were deluged with gore down unto this good day, and through both the Greek and the Latin languages he has indelibly impressed his mark and seal upon all civilization. As fair as a blossom, from beneath the mists of centuries, he peers out at us as one of the greatest of mythological heroes.

Aeneas is the man of destiny selected to carry out the workings of heaven. His mission was noble and grand carryingwith it the burden of the whole world's history, and important to the world in that it was bearing the weight of the glory and destiny of the future Romans. He was going whither the Fates directed him, yet under all circumstances his qualities are princely, even in that trying ordeal of the Fourth Book, when he casts aside poor "widow Dido" impelled by a will higher than his own. His course tended, through hazards manifold, to Italy in accordance with the decrees of the gods by which Rome was to rule the world for the worlds good.

He came by fate an exile to Italy, and now at last the white-armed goddess, Hera, had changed her plans for the better and had desisted from her cruel undertaking. The mission of Aeneas and the continuance of his time after the destruction of Troy is clearly announced by the mouth of Poseidon in the twentieth book of the Iliad. He says it is fated that he should escape and that the race of Dardanus should not perish without off-spring and become extinct-

And now the mighty Aeneas shall rnle over the Trojans and his children's children who may be born hereafter" His life was but the working out of divine providence, and opposition to its commands would have brought about his ruin and destruction. Aeneas was under the power of the "Fatum"—that terrible instrument, to which even the king of gods was subject. It was Hera's wish and desire that Carthage should be a seat of royal power for the nations, if destiny would in any way permit. But even Juno's plans were thwarted by this powerful agent, and in opposition to Zeus Troy fell into the hands of the bronze-clad Greeks. This is a power mightier than the Ate of Greek tragedy, for to *this*, even heaven itself must yield. Aeneas was the embodiment of those qualities requisite for a warrior, ruler, and civilizer of men and all that was necessary for the great achievements of Rome.

As a warrior, Homer couples him along with Hector as the two great champions of Ilion. He stands out beforeus as great as Achilles, and yet greater. Do we ever see him falling a prey to the petty wrangles and jealousies of life, leaving his people to the onslaughts of the foe? No, rather we behold him stately and sublime in the Van doing whatever his hand may find to do. But enough of this.

If you wish to assail Aeneas for his escapade in the Tyrian City and accuse him of breaking plighted troth at the commands of heaven, give him at least the title of hero—if such can be given to the son of Peleus. Behold Achilles in Scyros at the court of Lycomedes betraying the trust reposed in a guest and friend In an underhanded way the beautiful princess was deflowered and Pyrrhus, the butcher of Priam, was the result of a lawless union. Defend him whoever can, but I pass down the other side.

In the palmy days of Troy all petitions in time of trouble were made to the son of Aphrodite, and ever ready was his hand to win for them their desires. We see him in the Iliad brave and fierce rushing upon Diome deslike a lion with a great roar. His appearances are few, yet they show forth sterling worth, and are argument sufficient to refute all claims against his title to hero. As a Hercules, he overcomes the wrath of the queen of heaven and vanquishes all obstacles placed in his way to thwart the accomplishment of his destined mission. He was pius for his heroic qualities, for his filial faith and love, and lastly for his reverence for the gods. Behold Aeneas amid the flames of burning Troy, and this piety by which he was renowned to the stars, will be recognized in awful vividness. This was at a time when all Ilium seemed to him to sink into flames, and Neptune-reared Troy to be overturned from its foundations. His soul was harrowed with grief, and he seeks his father to bear him off to the lofty mountains. His father refuses to go and says "if the celestials had wished me to lengthen

my thread of life, they would have preserved for me this abode. It is enough and more than enough that I have seen one destruction, and have survived the captured city." Aeneas tells him that Pyrrhus will soon be there—one, who butchers a son before the eyes of his father, and the sire at the altars. He finds his prayers to be unavailing and resolves to seek anew the battle, when the terrible prodigy of fire arose and the crashing on the left began, and true to filial faith he remained through perplexities galore. Did ever artist image a more beautiful picture than that of Anchises' exit from the burning city with Creusa observing Aeneas' footsteps from a distance? In the Exodus Creusa is lost in honor to the pleasure of the gods, and she had taken up her abode in the Asphodel meadow. This is another instance of the Greek Ate, which—as the rain-falls upon the just and the unjust Aeneas is to marry Lavinia in the Hesperian land, and Creusa must be made a sacrifice for their propitiation.

Let us now pass to the Fourth Book, where Aeneas is said to be seen in his worst light. Here we see a forecasting of Roman history, the conflict between Rome and Carthage. By the interposition of heaven, Aeneas is tossed a shipwreck upon the Tyrian coast and is brought face to face with the great city rising under Dido's sway. Roaming wildly through the forest he is met by his mother, whom he takes to be Diana, goddess of the chase. She tells him she is no goddess, for the Tyrian maidens are wont to bind their leg high up thus with the purple buskin. She bids him enter the city, and Hermes at the command of Jove procures him entrance, Cupid taking on the form of Ascanius to inflame the queen with passion for Aeneas. The story is short. Love for the woman touched his heart. Alke both king and queen forget their missions, and are held the slaves of love. Juno wishes to turn aside the kingdom of Italy to the Libyian coasts. During the storm in the forest Bridal Juno joins them together.. Forthwith the heavens blaze forth a witness to their marriage, and the Nymphs give forth their shrieks—all ominous signs of coming disaster. Dido had invoked a voluntary curse upon herself, if she should ever prove untrue to her first love. Through the gods she is compelled to break it, and her destruction is near. Jove commands Aeneas, through Mercury to break off delay and leave Carthage, for "Varium et mutabile semper Femina." The commands of heaven are clear, the founder of Rome must not be united to an Eastern queen. He crushes his love and follows the commands of Zeus and his father's ghost, and leaves the queen to her fate. With ceaseless appeals on this side and on that, the hero is assailed, yet his purpose remains unshaken and he resolves to quit the darling land. She implores him by her tears, by their marriage to lay aside his cruel purpose, if there is yet place for prayers. He tells her that her prayer is in vain;

that he seeks Italy, but not of his own accord. As the leaves of a tree fall when it is buffeted by the wind, so his tears fall fast in vain. Heaven recalls him to his high purpose and he leaves his love to start upon a now unwelcome mission.

He follows the cammand of Jove, as now many forsake wife, children, and all for the cause of the lowly Nazarene. Her curse is realized in Hannibal, who long hounded the Romans with his hate. The gods had determined upon the establishing of the Roman power in Italy by the hand of Aeneas and resistance would have led to infatuation and death.

There was a power higher than Aeneas to which he was subservient, and which he was compelled to obey—that power, which rules the destinies of earth and the motions of the heavens. Aeneas was gentle and mild—not an Achilles luxuriating in the shedding of blood. Compare his treatment of Lausus and Achilles's treatment of Hector and judge between them. As a star, ever will Aeneas shine out from among the constellations of Mythological heroes, radient with truth, having verity engravened as it were upon his brow and scrawled upon his soul. His supremacy has been established to last for ages. His power will never be shaken, but his name will remain as one of the few names which belong, not to any particular age or nation, but to all time and to every people.

"THESEUS."

A COMMENT.

"Man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled."
Pleasures of Hope.

In Eden all the weary day
Old Adam sat and sighed;
He wanted Eve so bad, they say,
He thought he would have died.

In pity for his lonely life
Eve came and sat beside him;
And, like a true and faithful wife,
She plagued him and she tried him.

* * * * * * * * *

Then Adam learned what many learn
Who matrimony try:
Man only *sighs* till woman smiles,
He then learns how to cry.

X.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To the student of Nineteenth Century Literature, perhaps there is no one person so interesting as is Sir Walter Scott. For he has left to all succeeding ages productions that are pleasing both to the lover of poetry and prose. Born in Edinburgh (15th of August 1771) of parents who themselves were lovers of literature; and being given a finished education at the University of Edinburgh; also enjoying the pleasure of traveling throughout the Highlands of Scotland; and then possessing natural ability it is not surprising to find the young Scotchman meeting with success when he presents to the world his productions of poetry and prose. While perhaps he was not exactly a scholar, yet he was such a great reader that he gained a very wide knowledge of books. And besides his birth-place was not only famous for its literary and professional society, but it also had at that time the distinction of being the seat of the Scottish Nobility. Thus we ever find Sir Walter acquainted with every degree of society long before his books made him famous. About the first of his original production was, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," published in 1605. This gained for him such a reputation as a writer that it is said: "From that day until his death he may be said to be the foremost man of letters in Great Britain." He is certainly, with perhaps the exception of Bryon, the most popular. His next poems, "Marmicon" and "The Lady of the Lake" brought for him fame and money such as no English poet had gained before.

It is almost an accepted fact that no person who is a good poet is a good novelist and vice versa. But in Scott we find an exception to this rule. For when the public grew tired of poetry and clamored for something new Scott turned his attention to the novel and attained as great if not greater success than as a poet. For some two or three thousand years attempts had been made to introduce to the world the Historic novel, and for twenty or thirty years before Scott published his "Waverly," numerous attempts had been made, but with no successs. Scott, however, was very much gratified to find the public pleased with his trial.

As Milton was about the first to prove successful in applying the Blank verse to other poetry than the Drama, so too, Scott was the first novelist to introduce the Historical novel. Critics have seen fit however, to consider as his best novels: "Guy Mannering" and

"The Antiquary," which have only the faintest touch of history in them, for all his novels were not distinctly Historical. His most popular book is without doubt "Ivanhoe."

The most remarkable fact about Walter Scott, however, is the exceptionally large sum of money he realized yearly from his literary productions. It is said that he made about $72000 per year from the sale of his books. Thus accomplishing what no writer before or since his time has accomplished. His character was pure, and during his life he raised a debt, that by law could never have been collected, that no ordinary man would ever have attempted. His life was no doubt shortened by his close application to his self-appointed task. In conclusion we quote the following from Saintsbury's History of the Nineteenth Century Literature: "The extraordinary greatness of Scott—who in everything but pure style, and the expression of the brightest raptures of love, thought and nature, ranks with the writers of the world—is not better indicated by any single fact than by the fact that it is impossible to describe his novels in any simpleformula."

J. TILLERY LEWIS, '99

EDITOR'S QUERY.

Was it a Sin for Editor *thin*,
When th writer strong and tall
Brought his romance in, to blandy grin,
And Swear t'was best of all?

Or would you care, if you heard him swear,
When writer had gone away,
T'was a poor affair and saw it flare,
In the grate the self same day?

Never you blame conclusion that came
After he had roll'd and toss'd—
You'd do the same, a pretty good game:
He will think the paper lost—

Was it a lie when the month went by
The writer demanded its fate
With wonder in eye and face awry
To swear t'was a "mystery grate"?

IMPRESSIONS FROM DESCRIPTIONS.

The impressions made upon the mind by the descriptions of scenes and places in books we read and the locations which we give to these scenes and places are facts peculiar to think upon and interesting to compare with the impressions made upon the minds of other people by the same descriptions.

Does not every reader locate each fictitious scene and each fictitious place of the ordinary novel in some spot with which he is familiar? Do you not adapt an elegant mansion about which you are reading to some familiar building in your own city or in some other place where you have been? Do you not people well known places with strange characters in whom you are interested, whose presence fails even to attract your wonder? Have you not seen the battle of Bunker Hill fought often times upon some prominence without your native town? Does not the description of some beautiful natural scene bring to your mind a loved spot, a hill-side or meadow green around your country home? Have you not seen a band of robbers wild issue with their leader from a cave within the banks of the little stream where as a child you've whiled away the hours many a time? I dare say you have, and should you read the same story now, back again to the little stream you'd go and stand unconsciously upon its bank again. There is no surer sign as to what was your childhood home than the places where you've located the scenes and incidents of Bible story. You heard them told or read o'er and o'er while an eager, childish listener beside your mother's knee. The scenes became real and familiar ones to your mind and you unconsciously laid each one in some familiar place "at home." You had not traveled in far lands; your eyes had not rested upon a variety of scenes and places and your mind knew none but those amidst which you had spent your earlier days. And so now does not the old childhood chosen spot still represent these scenes? Have you not some special place in which your Eden never fails to rise? Does not Moses mount upon some well known hill to receive from God the great commands? Or is there not some retired spot at home wherein your childish heart with sorrow placed Gethesemine? Ah, yes! And if there is one thing that can render home a dearer place; if there is one circumstance that can make you love more dearly the familiar scenes of childhood's time, 'tis the fact that you associate with these the sacred scenes which have followed and sweetened your life.

WALKER.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

An appropriate method of celebrating the outgoing of the 19th and the incoming of the 20th century is that adopted by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. They purpose raising and presenting to the cause of Education at that time the amount of $1,500,000.00. This money is to be used for the strengthening of the schools and colleges under the control of that Church throughout the Southern States. The conference of each State adopts its own method of raising its share.

There is no cause to which such an amount could be more usefully contributed. There is no field more in need of working and from which they might expect a more abundant harvest. There is no act which might be done which would be more prophetic of a great and good thing for the coming century. Every right-thinking man will rejoice in this attitude of the Church toward the continued advancement of the great cause.

True it is that college students have little time to read books outside of their regular courses. That is, little time to sit down and read a book through with only an occasional interval in the readings, as may be done during the long days of vacation, when naught limits our time save the coming of meals and time for sleep. Yet for a student to fall into the habit of thinking there is no time for him to read while at college and thus of abandoning all idea of reaping the benefit of a good library is plainly a mistake. There come hours every week when the student finds himself a little ahead of his work which he might well give to the reading of some extra book. The habit of keeping something good to read, a good novel, a late magazine or newspaper, a volume of poems near by with which to fill up these extra hours, is one that will prove useful to every earnest student. Room-mates who fall into the habit of reading to each other during idle hours, will be surprised at the amount of reading that can be accomplished during the year, even in the midst of a heavy college course.

The reflection, "*what am I good at,*" is apt to be a discouraging one to the average student. All around us we notice our class-mates who are noted for being especially good in some one branch while only medium in the others. One is in his glory amidst the intricacies of higher mathematics, getting more joy out of the beauties of the hyperbola than out of all the balance of college life combined; another revels in the mysteries of the Greek verb, rejoicing more over the discovery of a "*new*" irregularity than a miner in striking a rich vein of gold. When exams. are over we always find that these have lead by many points, each in his respective branch. 'Tis then that this painful personal query arises, causing many of us to wonder why we too were not born great in one thing at least. However, upon the reflection that you have done your full duty by all; that 'tis not your fault that you were not created with more love and more talent for any one than for another; and that you have made a fair average on all; feeling that from the study of all your own mind has been educated and improved (the real purpose of a college course), there must be then little room for further discouragement.

The Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association, composed of representatives from University of Mississippi, A. & M., Mississippi, and Millsaps Colleges, meets this year at Natchez, where the annual contest will be held. The date of meeting will be about April 28th. This Association has been in existence four years and has done much to bring the Colleges of Mississippi in touch with each other and much to encourage the practice and cultivation of the oratorical talent in the several colleges Of the three medals awarded University has carried off two and Millsaps one. Mississippi College has won the second prize during two successive years. The colleges are looking forward with eager interest to the meeting and contest this year, and we believe will not regret the choice of Natchez for their meeting.

The movement—originating with Professor Weber of this college—to erect a memorial to Irwin Russell, Mississippi's greatest poet, is one which can not be too heartily commended. It is one which will meet with the heartiest approval of lovers of literature and especially of all who are interested in the literature of our own State. The educating effect of the movement can hardly be estimated and already it is having the tendency of arousing an interest in what the writers of our own State have done.

It will be a source of gratification to all to know that the efforts of the committee are meeting with generous responses from all parts of Mississippi. It is easy to predict that the outcome of this movement will be successful. It should be a matter of great pride to be able to do something in promotion of such a cause. Too much praise can not be rendered to the leaders of this movement.

The following circular letter to the people of Mississippi will explain itself:

The undersigned have been appointed a committee to solicit contributions for a suitable memorial to Irwin Russell, the distinguished poet and literary genius of Mississippi. It is proposed to secure and have properly placed a large bronze or marble bust of the gifted young Mississippian. Feeling assured that an object so patriotic would commend itself to our people, especially to all lovers of pure literature and admirers of real genius, we willingly accept the appointment and hereby give opportunity to any who may wish to have part in the worthy movement. The educative influence of such a memorial would be very great. It would elevate the ideals and ennoble the ambitions of our youth. We need to put higher honor upon the achievements of mind.

The brilliant pen of Irwin Russell gave fame to the State in which he lived. He sang the songs of her old plantation times in richer tones and rarer measure than were ever heard before. Few harps were ever more delicately strung or swept by a more skillful hand. His gentlest touch woke the sweetest melodies.

As a dialect writer he had no superior. Indeed he was the pioneer in that class of literature, and has never been equalled in his delineations and reproductions of negro character as seen in the Gulf States.

When only 26 years of age this frail, weird, wonderful, sorrowful genius went to his grave. His sun went down before the hour of noon. Had longer life and larger opportunity been given, his name might have gone to history in company with the greatest of American poets. Mississippi will honor herself in honoring the genius of Irwin Russell. Contributions in any sums may be sent to Prof. W. L. Weber, Jackson, Miss.

C. B. Galloway,
A. H. Whitfield,
J. C. Hardy,
H. L. Whitfield.

W. L. Weber, Secretary and Treasurer.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

As the present session of College draws towards a close it seems that we should begin thinking of a reorganization of the Alumni Association during the coming commencement. In June '97 an organization was effected and a good deal of enthusiasm manifested, but last year, unfortunately, no meeting was held.

There seems no reason whatever for the non-existence of an Alumni Association of the College—an ass'n of stability, and one which will outwardly manifest the enthusiasm which certainly exists in the hearts of Millsaps's 75 or 80 more Alumni. Not a great number to be sure, but sufficiently large for an association of permanence, and one which will, no doubt, if properly organized, prove of great benefit to the alumni as well as to their alma-mater.

An effort will be made during the coming commencement to reorganize and the necessary steps will be taken to put the organization on a more enduring basis. This can be done with little effort, if only the proper spirit be shown by the alumni; and some effort made on their part to attend commencement. To have a permanent organization there must be some body to attend the meetings. It will be unfortunate if only the Senior Class each year is to keep the ass'n alive, and there will be little use in organizing. There must be something more than such a bare attendance. There should be a goodly number of the alumni at large present each June. Officers should be elected each year, who, so far as can be determined, will attend the next commencement. A man of little executive ability, but with College enthusiasm, is better for president than one with exceptional ability as an executive, but little enthusiasm, and who is certain not to attend the ensuing meeting. The draft on the president's ability will not be large, and his enthusiasm is the determining requisite. These things, it seems to me, should properly be considered in June.

Now then—if you are an alumnus will you try to be in Jackson next June? You will be repaid, I feel sure, and then you will greatly advance the progress of an association in which I know you are deeply interested. We ought soon be able to sit down to an excellent dinner together each year. But I can't promise you that in June. But even without such an inducement you will be expected. If you

are interested in seeing the association formed, drop the editor a line, as it will aid him materially to know that you are interested. But your presence in Jackson in June is what we desire and is what we are expecting.

Ellington Fant("eli-phant") is in Friars Point, his home, in the office of the Friars Point Oil Mill.

Gerard Shelby, is a cadet in the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

James Hart is a Pharmacy students at the Vanderbilt.

Among the old student who have followed Horace Greely's advice, is Henry Bascom Hines, a pedagogue in Indian Territory.

Among the list of merchants of Arona, Miss., appears the name of A. F. O'Bryant.

J. B. Waterer is another merchant. He has a flourishing business at Free Run, Miss.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

The Association has completed the first term of its work and will enter upon the second term on the 3rd of March. At that time officers will be elected for the remainder of the year.

We desire to extend thanks to those who have contributed magazines and papers to our reading room.

Sunday, the 12th of February, was set apart as the day of prayer for the students of the world, but it was not observed by our Association owing to the very disagreeable weather.

Messrs. Wm. Hemingway and Richard Griffith are among those who conducted our Sunday afternoon services during the month of February.

The date and place of the State convention of the Y. M. C. A. has not yet been fixed, but it will be held in the early spring.

A class for the study of foreign missions has been formed by the Volunteers in our Association.

Mr. Sumner R. Vinton, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer movement for Foreign Missions, recently visited our college and Association in the interest of his work. During his stay he delivered two lectures on missions, which were largely attended and highly instructive. Mr. Vinton is well acquainted with the needs of the work, having been born in India. He was educated in this country and will soon return to his "native land."

The International Convention of the Y. M. C. A. will be held in Denver, Colo., in the spring, and it is desirable that our Y. M. C. A. have a representative at this convention.

OUR EXCHANGE TABLE.

With what pleasure do we view the stack of exchanges before us! How proud we feel that so many friends wish us "every success"! We are indeed grateful for the many good wishes extended to us, and will endeavor to make our organ as interesting as possible.

In the Trinity Archive there is an ably written article entitled "A New Study of Shakespeare." The fiction in the February issue is indeed very interesting. The poems "Standing at the Crossing" and "The Mother's Lamp" are good, and "Lines in Memory of 'Uncle Jesse'" is still better. This is the first copy of Trinity Archive that we've seen and we welcome it to our table.

The January number of The Scroll has within its cover some very interesting matter. "Extracts from Emancipation Celebration Speeches" is a rare treat. "Not Statehood, Nor Churchhood, But Manhood," by Edgar H. Webster, is an article that reflects credit upon the writer. The Scroll is a splendid magazine, though we miss the exchange department. Where is it?

In this issue of the Wofford College Journal there is any amount of genins, talent and "real business." There is no need of mentioning the fiction in the Journal: it is always good. The editorial department deserves especial attention. It shows that the editor-in-chief is "the man for the place."

In the Hendrix College Mirror we find much that is interesting and entertaining. One of the best articles is "Influence," by F. C. Cannon. He says: "If you want to help bear the infirmities of the weak, you may do so by exerting a wholesome influence upon them." The best article we have seen appears in the February number of the Mirror: "The Twentieth Century in the Light of the Nineteenth," "Some one has said that our civilization must advance or recede, but we consider it the language of doubt to admit of anything save progress, and fling back to the dark ages all thought of retrogression."

The Whitworth Clionian is a welcome visitor. Verily do we believe that this issue is better that the last. We are proud to see our sister college editing such a magazine. We notice how well the editorials are written and "how carefully the proof is read." We see that the editors mean "business" and we feel sure that the Clionian is going to surpass everything in the State "edited at Female Colleges." We don't understand why "That debate last May" should be mentioned so often. Young ladies, don't lascerate old wounds!

The University Unit is at hand. We are glad to exchange with

the Unit. "Revolution vs. Evolution" is well written. Let us hear from the Unit regularly.

The January College Reflector shows up very well. The editorial department is improving. "Education" is real good. We think, though, that the four pages used for "what we have heard" ought never to have been printed. Advertisements would be more profitable.

The Old Gold and Purple has just been received. We welcome you. You are a good magazine for a "public school" organ.

The Ring-Tum Phi contains a continued article by Prof. A. L. Nelson on "Personal Recollections of Washington College" that deserve especial mention. We are glad to exchance with the Ring-Tum Phi.

The Reveille has made its first "call" and has surely made an impression. The letter from William Wordsworth to Wm. Prentiss is a treasure worth preserving.

The Emory & Henry Era comes to us in an attractive form. It is needless to say it is welcomed. The Era contains much good matter. The editorials are fine. "The Life Boat" is a well written poem.

Last but not least is a pile of University Records. We enjoy reading the Record. "College Despotism" is a good article. The continued letters on "College Sports" were especially enjoyed.

CLIPPINGS.

Mules! Mules! Mules! Of the famous Arthur Hinds breed. Junior Class, sole proprietors. Record on the track absolutely unequalled. Thucydides, a long-eared don, fifteen hands high. Time, forty minutes, "from the gates of Rome to the walls of Troy," bearing on his hard-ridden back two famous jockeys. For further particulars, address the Secretary.—Ex.

Among the good deeds of boys and men,
Is a box of candy now and then.
—Whitworth Clionian.

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,
"Makes all mankind our kin;
There's no chance at all about it,
Tails we lose and heads they win. —Ex.

Nobody can understand a woman except herself, and she never does it the same way twice.—Ex.

A good yell for the junior law students would be:
Rip! Rip! Rah!
Rip! Rip! Ree!!
Mamma! Mamma!!!
Come to Me-e-e!!!!
—University Record.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

The cold snap followed in close succession by inter-mediate Exams is pretty tough.

The $5.00 gift of The Galloway Literary Society had the distinction of being the first contribution to The Irwin Russell Memorial Fund.

"Tau Delta Omicron," is the name of a local secret club recently organized here. Its membership is composed of some of the best men in the college.

On the afternoon of the 14th inst, a number of members of the Junior and Senior classes appeared before the faculty to contend for places to represent the College in the Inter.Collegiate Oratorical contest, which will be held at Natchez. Out of the number of contestants Messrs. J. T. Lewis and T. M. Lemly were chosen. J. T. Lewis represents the Galloway Literary Society and T. M. Lemly the Lamars.

The committee consisting of Messrs. J. T. McCafferty, W. O. Sadler, and A. A. Hearst, that was appointed at the last meeting of the Sophomore class to arrange a program for the next meeting has posted the following program:—

1. Oration—"The Sophomores," by N. V. Robbins; 5 minutes.
2. Declaration—by S. L. Tidd: 3 minutes.
3. "Individual peculiarities of the class of '01"—by B. E. Eaton; 10 minuutes.
4. "The A. B. Course and its Profs"—by I. B. Mitchell; 3 minutes.
5. "The B. S. Course of its Profs.—by E. B. Ricketss; 3 min-
6. "Class Spirit"—by W. O. Sadler; 3 minutes.
7. An original poem subject "Spring"—by H. O. White; class poet.

The last meeting of The Galloway Literary Society was very interesting. At this meeting the Society adjourned until the Intermediate Examinations are over. Also at this meeting the Society elected officers for the next quarter. The officers are as follows:

T. C. Bradford, President; B. E. Eaton, Vice President; H. P.

Lewis, Corresponding Secretary; A. A. Hearst, Recording Secretary; R. S. Hall, Assistant Secretary, W. L. Duren, Treasurer.

At the last meeting of the Lamar Society the following officers were elected for the third quarter:—

L. Wall, President; W. W. Holmes, Vice President; M. A. Chambers, Recording Secretary; A. W. Dobyns, Corresponding Secretary; J. F. Galloway, Treasurer; M. H. Brown, Censor, T. W. Holloman, Doorkeeper; H. T. Carley, Critic.

Mr. J. R. Bingham of Carrollton, spent the night of the 8th on the Campus.

The hall of the Galloway Literary Society has recently been beautified by being ceiled overhead and the walls white coated.

The Lamar Literary Society will celebrate their seventh anniversary on the evening of the 14th of April. The following persons will serve on that occasion: H. B. Watkins. Anniversariam; M. H. Brown, Orator; John Sharp Williams, of the 5th Congressional District, will deliver the annual address.

Mr. E. C. Simpson of Oaks, visited his brother C. M. Simpson during the month.

The recent cold spell has not checked the students in their work. During the last quarter they have done excellent work, and now they are all, almost without exceptions, prepared for the Intermediate Examinations which began on the 17th.

New students are still entering college even this late in the session, and we expect several to come in about the beginning of the second term.

The seventh anniversary of the Galloway Society will be celebrated the 12th of May. Those who will represent the Society on that occasion are the following: W. E. M. Brogan, Anniversarian; H. A. Jones, First Orator, L. W. Felder, Second Orator.

All the students say they never saw such little coal, and felt so much cold before.

Boys don't fail to contribute something to Irwin Russell's monument.

Professor Swearengen is teaching a class in the Sunday School of the First Methodist Church.

Professor Weber will address the Sunday School Association at Lumberton on the subject of "Teachers and Teaching."

"Irwin Russell" is the subject of a talk by Professor Weber to the West Jackson Epworth League to be delivered next Thursday Evening.

Holiday Gifts...

We are showing a complete line of goods suitable for holiday gifts. Link Buttons, Scarf Pins, Watch Fobs, Cameo Rings, Match Boxes, fine Umbrellas, Brooches, Hat Pins, Link Bracelets, Ladies' Rings, and the new style Sashes, and dozens of other new novelties.
We invite you to our store.

Buck & Holder,
Jewelers.

Lamps for Students

The student wants a lamp that won't hurt the eyes; that won't flicker, smoke and smell badly. He doesn't care for anything very ornate. We have just his kind: Nickle plated, plain designs with best central draft burner, **$1.75** and **$2.00.** Complete with white shade student lamps **$2.50** and **$3.00.**

THE ROOKERY.

Our stock of holiday goods will catch your eye.

Walk in and Look Around.

W. A. WHITING. J. M GRAY.

WHITING & GRAY,

DEALERS IN

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS AND SHOES.

SOUTH STATE STREET.

Toilet Requisites...

There is nothing in this department we do not strive to excel in.
Tooth Brushes—We sell more than the town combined.
Hair Brushes and Combs—Any size and style.
Dentifrices—Every reliable one on the market.
Face Powders, Colognes, Extracts, Toilet Waters, etc.
Our Spot Cash system enables us to paralyze competition.

Chris Herbert,
Wholesale and Retail Drugs, 306 East Pearl Street.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. I. MARCH, 1899. No. 5.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

You saw with all a poet's keen insight
The childlike heart of that black, simple folk
Of whom you wrote; upon whose necks the yoke
Of masterdom and service was as light
As were their hearts upon that Christmas night
When the shrill violin the echoes woke
Of the slave quarters; and the banjo spoke
Until the happy hours had taken flight.
Unwitting of the worth until too late,
The laurel we denied you others gave,
And alien hands have crowned you poet true;
Take now our full allegiance, laureate!
The while we deck the earth above thy grave
With this sole spray of roseleaf and of rue!

J. R. TAYLOR.

IRWIN RUSSELL'S PROSE WRITINGS.

Many people have the false idea that Irwin Russell left no writings not in poetry. Comparatively few have ever heard of his prose writings, and fewer still have had the pleasure of reading any of them. While his prose writings are few, yet we find a few in the back numbers of some magazines. Perhaps the article most widely known is that published in the New Orleans *Times* (August 24, 1879) entitled, "Fulton's Seamen: A Literary Feller in the Fir men's Fo'kesel and Elsewhere."

In *St. Nicholas* we find three contributions from his pen. In the first of these to be considered, "On the Ice" (March, 1877), he drops the Negro dialect and gives us a brief sketch of skates and skating among different nations. He seems to be out of his sphere. H no longer writes from experience, but from history. His work lacks unity. He fails to give it the same artistic touch that we find elsewhere in his writings. In some places he leaves his subject. This is especially noticeable when, in stating the fact that the Dutch were the first to introduce skating in this country, he turns aside to give a description of the ship in which they came to this country. Taking this as a whole, it is by no means a fair sample of his work.

In his next article, "Sam's Birthday" (May, 1878), he returns to his old style. In this it seems that for some time Sam had been "eight years old, gwine on nine." One morning when he awoke, to his great surprise and perplexity, his mother told him that he was "nine years old, gwine on ten." This was too much for Sam. An explanation was necessary. "I don't know how 't 'll be, son," said his mother, "but if you lives long enuf, an' nuffin happens, you'll keep on habbin a buffday ebery yeah, wunst a yeah till you dies. An' ebery time you has one, son, you'll be one yeah older." "Fine way to git gray-headed," responded Sam, as his mother hastened to the kitchen to get Sam's "buffday" breakfast. But too late. "Old Bose, the triflinest, meanest dog in de State ob Claiborne county," got in first and had eaten everything. His mother gives him a holiday and sends him to get a friend to spend the day with him. The two boys returned in a short time, and having made themselves comfortable, began to plan for the enjoyment of the day. In a few moments they were asleep. Sam was in the midst of a pleasant dream, when he was rudely awakened by the unwelcome call: "Sam! Don't you

heah me, you lazy *Sam!* Git up dis minit an' go to de well fur a bucket of water, sah, foah I whoop you!" "Why, mammy," said Sam, "you tol' me I needn't do no work, kase it's my buffday." "I's been countin' it up agin," said his mother, "an' foun' out where I made a mis figger de fust time, and tallied wrong altogedder. 'Cordin to de *c'rect* calkalation your buffday was one day *las'* month. WALK arter dat water!"

His third contribution, "Sam's Four Bits" (August, 1876), shows him in his best light. Here Sam is the happy owner of "fo' bits in silber," the first money he ever owned, a gift from Santy. Never before did a half appear so important since—

> "David and Goliath went out fur to fight
> Fur nuffin' but a silber half-a-doller;
> David up with a brick and hit Goliath such a lick,
> Dat de people ober Jordan heard him holler."

After getting into trouble several times on account of his money, Sam goes to an old well, a favorite resort for him, and takes a seat, placing his coin beside him. Here he decides how he can best spend it. Among a good many other things he decides to buy a mule, a shot-gun, three or four hogs, some sardines and a harp. In the midst of his reveries his half-dollar drops in the well. Like a true philosopher he walks off, saying, "I don't keer. What's de difference? De ol' fo' bits was more trouble dan it was wuff, nohow!"

In the last two articles Irwin Russell shows himself a complete master of the Negro dialect, not as some writers wish to make us believe it is, but as the Negro himself uses it every day. Nor is this all. There is a certain individuality about his works seldom met with elsewhere. He seems to write because he enjoyed it. He brings us closer to the real Negro than we ever were before. It is not the subject we are interested in, but the way in which he treats the subject, that causes us to love his stories. T. C. BRADFORD, '00.

THE ORIGIN OF "NEBUCHADNEZZAR."

I knew Irwin Russell, as in '77-'78 his place in Judge Baldwin's office was just across the hall from mine. Irwin and I generally went to the postoffice together on the arrival of the Grand Gulf train. One morning as we were crossing the street from Person's corner to the bank on the way to the postoffice at Myson's store, an old time darkey came riding by on a good mule. The rider wanted to go up Main street, the mule preferred to take the Rodney road—hence the catastrophe much to our amusement.

Arriving at the postoffice, Irwin showed me a letter from some elocutionist in New York proposing to pay liberally for a piece for recital and asked my advice. I told him "Write something and make that fool pay for it." We went back to our offices and in less time than it has taken me to write this, Irwin read me "Nebuchadnezzar", saying that it wasn't worth a cent to him. I said, "This New York man's references are all right; send this to him and draw on him for $50." This was done, and I got the money and gave it to Irwin in the presence of his father.

E. R. J.

*NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah,
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you fur to know, sah,
I's a holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You's powful fond ob dancin'
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out
Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
On your ugly, stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plow dis fiel' up,
You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes watch him plowin' troo it!
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jes how to treat him:
You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he wuz only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a-clickin',
He's gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber thinks o' kicken'—
Whoa, dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

* * * *

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Wuz dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I laid heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast wuz sp'iled in raisin'—
But now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

*From Poems by Irwin Russell. The Century Co., New York.

THE HYSTERIAD.

(It is thought proper to premise that a poem of the period, or periodical poem, is a thing that is altogether emotional, and is not intended to convey any idea in particular. The fact is well known to all who are familiar with the canons of our reconstructed Art of Song; but it seems not yet to be fully recognized [or, at least, sufficiently admired] by the uncanonical class of readers, who fail to see that High Art is identical with High Jinks, and have the bad taste to want but little ear below, etc., etc., etc.)

Let us laugh, haw! haw! with the ass;
Let us weep, oh! oh! with the thistle—
Oh! oh! haw—wohaw—where goest thou, poet?
I go it
To the muses' singing class
To whistle, whistle, whistle.

Notes: 1. Herodotus has nowhere observed that this animal ever laughs, or that he has any jocund impulses whatever. Poetic license, however, is pleaded in this behalf.

2. There is indeed no special reason why we should weep; but the first and second lines have to be made anti- anti- anti- spasmodic. (Anti-spasmodic is good.)

N. B.—Objections to the brevity of this poem are not in order, although as to other points—for instance, its lack of adjectives and new compound words—a demurrer might well be taken. Short poems are fashionable; and the petty formalities of rhyme and reason having been lately declared by the authorities to be mere useless embroideries on the fustian of stylish verse, it is quite probable that the poetry of the future will be briefly expressed in *gestures*—like the philosophic discussion between Thaumast and Panurge. With these few remarks, etc., IRWIN RUSSELL.

IRWIN RUSSELL AS AN IMITATOR.

In the poetry of very nearly all the old English bards we find the same familiar mood. Each is troubled by the pathetic shortness of human life, each shrinks from the thought of death, and tries to dispel it with the half-despairing resolve to enjoy life while it lasts. Robert Herrick gives expression to such feelings in his poem, "To Daffodils," and others of a similar nature. And as time rolls on and the middle of the nineteenth century is reached, there rises in Mississippi of the New World one, Irwin Russell, who looks upon humanity and recognizes that these "Temples of Clay" are mortal, and ere many days shall have passed into oblivion; the immortal spirits that now inhabit them will soon take their departure to that realm whence none have returned to reveal its mysteries. Irwin Russell gives expression to such thoughts in his poem entitled, "Herrick." And as he gives to one of his poems the title of "Herrick," one would naturally think that there is at least one poem in Herrick's collection of poems to which Russell's "Herrick" is similar either in rhyme, rhythm or meter. But after examining all the poems of Herrick to which we have access, we fail to find such a poem. Herrick's "To Daffodils" is somewhat similar in spirit, however, to Russell's "Herrick."

In comparing Russell with Burns, however, we find a very great similarity. For in Russell's "Burns" he uses the same meter, rhythm and rhyme that is used very largely by Scotland's peasant poet. If one will take the trouble to examine for one's self, the above assertion will be found to be true by comparing Russell's "Burns" with

Burns' "To John Smith," "Epistle to John Rankine," and "Answer to a Poetic Epistle." But there is yet a still greater likeness between our unfortunate Russell and Robert Burns. For as Burns has the honor of being the first English poet to successfully turn his mind from things mythological, and find inspiration for his poems by looking to nature, and thus transform the nature of poetry in the Old World, so, too, does Irwin Russell stand forth in Southern literature as being the first to pass by the old English models and find the heroes for his poems in his own native land.

As some of Irwin Russell's poems are looked upon as being fair specimens of literature, and since they were produced long before the prime of life, even, had been reached, we think we are safe in predicting that had his life been prolonged, and had he been free from the curse of drink, he would have gone to his last resting place with a literary monument erected to his memory that would have rivaled the greatest writers whom the "muses" have seen fit to assist in mounting Pegasus. JOHN TILLERY LEWIS, '99.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

To one who would study the poet Irwin Russell, the indispensable aid is the volume of his poems published by the Century Company of New York City. This volume has a three-page eulogistic introduction by Joel Chandler Harris.

Immediately after Russell's death in New Orleans, Catherine Cole published a letter in the *Times*, December 26, giving details of his latter days. The article deals with the subject in newspaper fashion, and secured sensational interest at the cost of deep pain to Russell's family.

The New York *Critic* (October 27 and November 3, 1888) has an article by Mr. C. C. Marble, a cousin of the Russells. The article is full of interesting details as to Russell's literary life, and contains extracts from several important letters.

In his studies of *Southern Writers*, Dr. W. M. Baskervill has a forty-page sketch of Russell. This paper is in many respects an expansion of Marble's article. Dr. Baskervill added somewhat to our knowledge, making use of information got from Mrs. Russell.

In the January, 1897, *University Magazine*, Mr. W. Lane Austin has an appreciative study of Russell. Mr. Lane's dependence on Baskervill is freely acknowledged, but he, too, had some points made clear by surviving friends of the poet. D. M. W.

IRWIN RUSSEL AS A DIALECT WRITER.

Irwin Russell with the true insight and genius of a poet saw an inexhaustable vein for the poetic miner, in the Southern negro. He lived on a Mississippi plantation and saw much of the negro in his every day life; his sorrows and his joys; his fears and his superstitions. He after years of association and critical study of the negro's nature said of the race, that "in spite of oppression it has retained qualities found in few others under like circumstances. Gratitude it has always been distinguished for; hospitality and helpfulness have always been its natural creed; brutality, considering the prodigious depth of its degradation, is unusual. It does not lack courage, industry, self-denial or virtue. The petty vices, it is true, are common, and, perhaps, inevitable, and are the best assurance of the absence of those that are more formidable and dangerous." Russell sought to express for the negro what he felt that the negro could not express himself. And so through all of his writings the poet's mind is upon the negro himself, upon his life which was so largely irresponsible because of his condition; and the many traits of his many sided character.

Dialect was, as a secondary matter, simply his medium of expression. He felt that it would be a masquerade to clothe a negro's ideas in anything but a negro's words. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has said that his dialect is not always the best, that it is often carelessly written. A close study of his writings shows that Mr. Harris was correct in his criticism, a number of inconsistences may be found. He has one man to preach a "sermon" and another a "sahmon." One negro says "gentleman," another "gen'l'man, and a third says "gemman," and others may be found by searching.

His dialect was not the same as that of Mr. Harris, nor of Mr. Thos. Nelson Page. In one of his letters he says of the dialects in the South: "That which obtains in the Southwest is the 'Virginia' form, which is totally different from the one used in South Carolina, Eastern Georgia, etc."

The different regions were supplied with slaves from different parts of Africa, which accounts for the difference in dialect. There is a colored man here from Charleston, at whom the other negroes laugh, because he talks 'Souf C'lina'."

Russell's dialect is purely that of the Mississippi negro. He made no attempt at another.

In speaking of his use of the dialect he said: "I at least have all the advantages of opportunity—as I have lived long among the negroes (as also long enough *away from them* to appreciate their peculiarities); understand their character, disposition, language, customs, and habits; have studied them; and have them continually before me." Russell was one of the pioneers in dialect writing. He at first was afraid that this class of writing would not "take" well with readers and more especially with the publishers. Nevertheless he was more than repaid for his writing by his inward pleasure with what he had done. In writing to a friend of some proposed scheme he said: "I shall take my little dibble and scratch away on the surface. Though I may not do more than strike 'color,' I shall still work *con amore*."

"Dat gent'man knowed 'bout niggers.
He couldn' 'a' talked so nachal
'Bout niggers in sorrow and joy,
Widouten he had a black mammy
To sing to him 'long ez a boy."

Russell's insight into nature and "niggers" was such as comes from long association. He often laughed at the attempt to display the Southern Negro, made by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He pronounced it a powerful book for the purpose in hand, but said it certainly did not do the negro justice. He had even collected some material for a negro novel, in which he would, had he lived, have portrayed the negro as he knew him. He would have left all political views out of his novel, that he might the more forcibly represent the negro character. We can but feel that there is a blank space in our literature which his book would have filled.

Only one who knows the negro, and something of his confused ideas of Chronology can fully appreciate the passage:

"For Noah tuk the 'Herald' an' he read de ribber column"—Much more then must Russell have known him, to put such words into his mouth.

It seems that Russell was never fully reconstructed. He did not think the negro responsible in business transactions, and he always made him the object of laughter in a law court. His freedman thinks "Mahsr Johnny" a "r'al gen'l'man," "an' all de cullud people thinks a mighty heap ob him;" but this does not keep him from putting rocks in the cotton he tries to sell to "Mahsr Johnny." Another recommends his dog so highly that he sells him for a dollar, then says:

"* * * * * * * * An goodness knows de pup
Isn't wuff de powder it'd take to blow him up."

One thinks you turn State's evidence "wid a crank," another has

confused idea of what constitutes good citizenship when he says:

"An' ef a man cain't borry wood what's layin' out ob nights,
I'd like fur you to tell me what's the good ob *swivel rights.*"

He knows the great affinity of a negro for a banjo and for "'possums," and in his "Christmas night in the Quarters" he tells a very clever story to account for this relation. One of his choicest poems, "Nebuchadnezzar" shows that he knows the negro's fondness for the mule, and that he very clearly saw the relation between the two.

Russell evidently had attended negro worship; no one could have written the prayer in "Christmas night in the Quarters," nor "A Sermon for Sisters" nor the one on "Half-way Doins" who had not. But the writer's observation has been that the preacher would not have told "Brudder Johnson" to "pass aroun' de hat." Negroes do not worship that way. Whether they wish to be "seen of all men," I do not know, but they do carry, each his own contribution, and put it on the table with a loud ring.

But whatever else may be said of his poems, we can say with Mr. Harris that "the nègro is there, the old-fashioned, unadulterated negro, who is still dear to the Southern heart."

HARRIS ALLEN JONES, '99.

TWO LETTERS.

MY DEAR SIR:

Irwin Russell will always hold a place in the roll of literary genius. The memorial you propose may not be needed to lengthen, but it will surely widen his fame; and it will help to teach the unheeding that a man who does such work in the field of art is an honor to the country, no less than its scientists, statesmen and heroes of war.

I beg leave to enclose a modest contribution, and I am

Very sincerely yours,

R. W. GILDER.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am heartily in accord with the movement outlined in your letter, to erect a memorial to Irwin Russell. Personally I owe much to him. It was the light of his genius shining through his dialect poems —first of dialect poems then and still first—that led my feet in the direction I have since tried to follow. Had he but lived we should have had proof of what might be done with true negro dialect: the complement of "Uncle Remus".

May I call your attention to Armistead C. Gordon's *dedication of

"Befo' de War",—the volume he and I published together,—and also to my Verses on Irwin Russell?

With best wishes for your enterprise, and hat off to Irwin Russell's genius,

I am yours very truly

THOS. NELSON PAGE.

*To the Memory of Irwin Russell, who awoke the First Echo.

---

*A SYMBOL.

Over the meadow there stretched a lane,
Parting the meadow in segments twain;
And through the meadow and over the sod
Where countless feet had before him trod—
With a wall forever on either hand
Barring the lane from the meadow-land,
There walked a man with a weary face,
Treading the lane at a steadfast pace.

On before him, until the eye
To gauge the distance could no more try,
To where the meadow embraced the sky,
The lane still stretched, and the walls still barred
The dusty lane from the meadow sward.
He paid no heed to the joyous calls
That came from men who had leaped the walls—
Who paused a moment in song or jest,
To hail him "Brother, come here and rest;"
For the Sun was marching toward the West,
And the man had many a mile to go,
And time is swift and toil is slow.

The grassy meadows were green and fair
Be studded with many a blossom rare,
And the lane was dusty, and dry, and bare;
But even there, in a tiny shade
A jutting stone in the wall had made,
A tuft of clover had lately sprung—
It had not bloomed for it yet was young—
The spot of green caught the traveler's eye,
And he plucked a sprig, as he passed by;
And then, as he held it, there came a thought
In his musing mind, with a meaning fraught
With other meanings.

"Ah, look!" said he,
"The spray is one—and its leaves are three,
A symbol of man, it seems to me,
As he was, as he is, and as he will be!
One of the leaves points back, the way
That I have wearily walked today;
One points forward as if to show
The long, hard journey I've yet to go;
And the third one points to the ground below.
Time is one, and Time is three;
And the sign of Time, in its Trinity—
Past, Present, Future, together bound
In the simplest grass of the field is found!
The lane of life is a dreary lane
Whose course is over a flowery plain.
Who leaps the walls to enjoy the flowers
Forever loses the wasted hours.
The lane is long, and the lane is bare,
'Tis tiresome ever to journey there;
But on forever the soul must wend—
And who can tell where the lane will end?"

The thought was given. Its mission done,
The grass was cast to the dust and sun;
And the sun shone on it, and saw it die
With *all three leaves* turned toward the *sky*.

IRWIN RUSSELL

*Printed for the first time in December (1898) *Birds*.

MISCELLANEA.

During the yellow fever epidemic in Port Gibson in 1878, through the whole of which he was a devoted nurse, Irwin Russell read for the first time Shelley's Peter Bell, in which occurs what he declared to be an absolutely accurate description of the effects of the yellow fever:

——— came a spasm,
And wrenched his gnashing teeth asunder;
Like one who sees a strange phantasm
He lay,—there was a silent chasm
Between his upper jaw and under.

And yellow death lay on his face,
And a fixed smile that was not human
Told .... that he was gone.

From one of Russell's letters: To descend to homely phrase, I may grind out in verse, perhaps, the conclusions I have arrived at—and I bethink me of an ancient and beautiful air, quite fitting thereto:

You'll find in pluck and patience, be your cares soever great,
A pair of leather breeches to oppose the kicks of Fate:
So don't sit down and say 'I can't,' but get to work and try—
The only true philosophy is Root Hog or Die!

From a letter of Oct. 5, 1877: It occurs to me to write a *negro novel.* It is a thing entirely new—nobody has ever tried it. Negro lovers—negro preachers—negro literary and malevolent 'sieties—negro saints and negro sinners—think what mines of humor and pathos, plot and character, sense and nonsense, are here awaiting development! I shall take my little dibble and scratch away on the surface. Though I may not do more than strike 'color,' I shall still work *con amore.* I will at least have the advantages of opportunity—as I have lived long among the negroes (as also long enough *away from them* to appreciate their peculiarities); understand their character, disposition, language, customs, and habits; have studied them; and have them continually before me. I shall begin immediately, and I think I can finish the manuscript in sixty days.

It really seems odd that nothing of the kind has yet been attempted. Nothing ever has, that I know of. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin', powerfully written as it is, gives no more true idea of negro life and character than one could get from the Nautical Almanac—and, like most other political documents, is quite the reverse of true in almost every respect. The book I purpose making shall be true, if nothing else that is good, and politics shall have no part in its substance or its spirit. There is another point that is novel, in an American novel.

* * * Please tell me your opinion of the plan—your *genuine* opinion—for I know that every man in his humor humors himself. Adam no doubt thought he had the best garden in the world; and thought of Eve as A. Ward did of *his* wife: 'As a slap-jackist' she has no ekal. She wears the Belt.' As our heads and hearts are still of the oldest pattern, and

Saepe solet similis filius esse patri
Et sequitur leviter filia matris iter,

it is quite likely I am counting thirteen pence in a shilling, according to the immemorial custom of our grandfathers—and theirs.

Mr. Russell was not without certain peculiarities of person and temperament. His disposition was remarkably gentle, his voice low and musical, and his smile exceedingly winning, with an indescribable expression of sadness and resignation. His hair and complexion were light. * * * * His carriage was erect, with a slight stoop of the shoulders and inclination of the head, and he walked with a swinging gait, apparently gazing afar off, his long arms dangling by his side.—C. C. Marble in the *Critic.*

Editor G. W. Healey writes of Russell in his paper, the *Jefferson Buzz-Saw*:

The subject of this sketch is one of the writer's earliest recollections. He made friends of everyone, especially the children, and frequently took the writer on his knee to amuse him with some story, of which he always had a full supply. Perhaps he wound them from his own imagination; they always delighted, and though the stories themselves have been dissipated by intervening years, the kindly face and cordial manner of the great poet remains still securely embalmed in memory, though the editor was but a child of five years when Irwin Russell last fed his ears on the bon mots of a fertile brain.

The following facts are given by a kinswoman of Irwin Russell: He knew his letters well at eighteen months, and read as well as a grown person when he was four years old. He began school at eight and entered the University of St. Louis when he was twelve; was graduated at sixteen and admitted to the bar at nineteen. He was very musical, playing the piano quite well by ear, and was a fine banjo player—the best in the State, I have heard. His talent for drawing was remarkable. * * * * He had the kindest heart, the gentlest and most sensitive nature, combined with the most remarkable mind I have ever known, and was perfectly fascinating to me as a child, telling the most wonderful stories imaginable—full of quaint humor and poetic fancy.

A well-known Mississippi lawyer writes of Russell's law studies: He never had a case in court; he was a student of law and clerk in Judge Baldwin's office, who was one of the best conveyancers and did a large amount of real-estate business at that time. No doubt the quick, active mind of Russell soon caught on to Judge Baldwin's methods of conveyancing, and I myself have known of Russell drawing the deeds in lieu of Baldwin.

"When he wrote 'Christmas Night in the Quarters,' he took the manuscript to Major J. S. Mason, the venerable editor of the Port Gibson *Reveille*, for publication in his paper. The next day Major Mason returned it with the remark that it was too long for his purposes. Russell then sent it to *Scribner's* (now the *Century*) *Magazine*, and they not only published it, but immediately engaged to take everything he would send them, and I believe afterwards made him editor of that department of their magazine. Major Mason appreciated to the fullest the merit of the poem after its publication, and the genius of the author, but he told a kinsman of mine, who related the story to me, that he did not publish the poem in the *Reveille* when Russell first submitted it because he thought there was nothing in it. Fortunate, indeed, and most remarkable, too, for Mason was himself no mean writer and delineator of Negro character. Surely Russell's good angel was present when he read that manuscript and beclouded his usually bright and lucid mind. Had he published the poem in the *Reveille* no one perhaps beyond the circle of Russell's friends would ever have read it, and the spark of his matchless genius would have 'flashed in the pan.'"—Extract from a private letter from one of Mississippi's most distinguished public officials.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

We cheerfully dedicate this issue of THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN to the memory of Irwin Russell feeling sure that Mississippians are very much interested in him at this time. And rightly so! The story of his short life—which has become well known to us all—and the brightness of his genius are well calculated to excite our keenest interest. And then the spirit which prompts this honor and attention which he is receiving just now is by all means a healthful one. That Mississippi does put a premium on mental attainments and literary talents; that she does find a place in her heart for ability outside of her material wellfare are facts which we should realize with pride.

That the old South must pass away; that with the passing of

the years many of our best loved attributes and characteristics as a people must be encroached upon, are facts which we realize with regret. But that these shall live in the songs of our poets; that the memories of the old South, of the Southern planter within his mansion on the Mississippi, of the plantation negro within his cabin in "the quarters," shall be preserved in the songs of our "Russells" are thoughts and hopes which we entertain with joy.

Let the youth of our land be brought to realize the value of such genius as that of Russell in preserving those old Southern customs and traditions which are dear to our hearts and which no thoughtful Southerner would willingly see forgot; let our people realize that there are other fields save those commercial and political in which they may use their talents and bring honor upon their State; let them know that the poet will receive a place in our hearts along with statesman and along with the jurist and we shall have many to sing songs of our Southland and to give to Mississippi a fair place in American literature. Let Mississippians realize that so far from looking upon them as cranks and worthless idlers Mississippi honors and prizes her poets.

We believe that a part of our Magazine each month should be devoted to fiction. That there are those among us who have within them the talent of doing such writing we do not doubt. Now most students are apt to look on this as such an especial accomplishment that they will not dream of attempting it themselves. Now the thing to do is to try it. Sit down in the quiet of your room some time during this pretty spring season and write us out on paper the little romance you have had stored away in your mind so long. It is there and you have thought of writing it for a long time. Let's have it now! The fact that there is a thread of love running through it is no *especial objection.*

In order to devote the space to Irwin Russell our Y. M. C. A. and Exchange departments are omitted in this issue of THE COLLEGIAN.

FIELD-DAY.

Although Millsaps College has never been allowed to take part in inter-collegiate sports, she is not at all behind in athletics. In '95 the first regular field-day was held, and every year since then these occasions have been very important ones of the college session. And as the time for another of the annual field-days is drawing near, no doubt there are those who would like to know something of such occasions in the past.

It can be said truly that as an average Millsaps can show as good records as any other Southern college. Then when the facilities for these sports are taken into consideration the results are excellent. In the first place there is no regular track, but an uneven driveway around the main building is used for this purpose. This is a very great drawback, for the road is either too hard or too rough to make any kind of time on. Then the participants in the exercises have never shown the proper spirit in training for them. No system is followed and they have nearly always waited until within a few days of the appointed time before they began to practice. Then when the time does come they are so sore and used up that they probably do not do as well as they did while training. Such a condition of things should not exist. While Millsaps may not have a cinder track or a trainer, if the proper time is put in on what she does have the results will be much better than they have been. There is just as good material for athletics in Millsaps as in any other college, and all it needs is the proper work to bring it out. And if the boys will take a little more interest in it than they have done this field-day can be made to surpass any that has yet been held.

Following is given a table containing the best records yet made, also the records of '97 It lies with you whether or not those for '99 will be better or worse:

EVENT.	'97.	'98.
100 yard dash	Rex Jordan, 0:11 1-5	Wharton Green, 0:10 2-5
220 yard dash	Rex Jordan, 0:25	Unbroken
440 yard dash	Wharton Green, 0:57	Wharton Green, 0:55 3 4
1 mile run	Wharton Green, 5:40	Wharton Green, 5:30
Putting 16 lb. shot	G. M. Birdsong, 32 ft. 8 in.	G. M. Birdsong, 35 ft.
Throw. 16 lb. ham'r	A. H. Cauthen, 72 ft. 4 in.	Unbroken

EVENT.	'97.	'98.
Pole vault.....	H. B. Lilly, 8 ft. 9 in....	Unbroken
Standing high jump.	L. E. Alford, 4 ft. 2 in....	W. West, 4 ft. 3 1-2 in.
Standing broad jump.	W. S. Lenoir, 9 ft. 9 3-4 in..	Unbroken
Running high jump..	A. H. Cauthen, 4 ft. 11 1-2 in.	Unbroken
Running broad jump.	S. G. Green, 18 ft. 8 3-4 in....	Unbroken
120 yd. Hurdle race...	J. H. Holloman, 0:19 sec.....	F. Holloman, 0:18 3-4.

WHARTON GREEN, '98.

Lines in memory of a brother, Soule Cannon, Private Co. E, 3rd Miss. Vols; who, while returning to his command at Albany, Ga., was stricken with pneumonia and died at Selma, Ala; Jan'y 5th, '99.

I.

Companion spirit of my soul,
  Why hast thy brother left
On earth's dark shores of dismal doubt
  Of peace and joy bereft!

II.

But thou hast gained that better clime
  Where grief and pain ne'er come,
Where dwell the saints, freed from earth's time,
  In Truth's eternal home.

III.

Then teach me, Brother, how to bear
  Thy precious being's loss;
How to forget my dark despair;
  How bear my crushing cross.

IV.

Thy country's bugle — call to arms
  In Freedom's holy name
Awoke within thy tender breast
  The patriot's martial flame.

V.

Quick to the ranks of Freeedom's sons,
  Thy zealous footsteps led,
For mankind's righteous cause prepared
  Thy precious blood to shed.

VI.

A few short months, a soldier true,
Her chosen soil you trod;
When thou wert called from earth's review
To the muster of thy God.

VII.

No more reveille's stirring blast
Shall break thy morn's repose;
For thou has triumphed o'er the last,
The Chief of all man's foes.

VIII

Now Resurrection's sweeter note
To morn of bliss awakes;
While o,er the soul in glory clad,
Heaven's radiant sunlight breaks.

IX.

Then rest, dear brother, in that land
Where wars and strife are o'er,
Where dwell that brave and chosen band
On Virtue's shining shore.

X.

Wrapt in the folds of Freedom's flag,
Thy corpse in earth remain;
While thy brave spirit meets with those
Of deeds and endless fame.

R. Lee Cannon.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Mr. "Delegate" Teat, '98. Principal of Brookhaven High School, paid his friends at Millsaps a visit last week.

Will Hall, of Meridian, was on the campus a few days since. Hall 's a lawyer now.

"Who were the Amazons?" asked the teacher in the Virgil class some days since. "O, they live down here in South America," was the ready reply of a bright junior, who is still wondering what there was in that to laugh about.

The Kappa Sigma Fraternity held its annual alumni banquet at the Lawrence House on the evening of the 11th. Quite a number of alumni were present, a delightful menu was served, and an altogether fine time was enjoyed by all.

The following are the members of the Sophomore class who have been selected by the faculty to contest for the oratory medal at commencement: Messrs. Browning, Clark, McCafferty, Mitchell, Sadler, Robbens, White, Whitfield.

President J. W. Chambers, of Whitworth Female College, was with us at chapel on the morning of the 15th. We were convinced at first sight that Mr. Chambers is the biggest college president in the State. Moreover, we were very much delighted with his talk, but we very much doubt whether he would say that before his girls at Whitworth That's all right, President. We won't tell! O, no!

Millsaps has contributed $35.00 to the Irwin Russell monument fund.

Dr. Steel delivered his famous lecture, "Home Life in Dixie," in Belhaven chapel on the evening of the 10th, for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. at Millsaps. The lecture is a grand one, and was highly enjoyed. Moreover, quite a considerable sum was realized for the association hall.

It is wonderful what an influence Dr. Murrah has over the boys. Did you notice with what readiness they accepted his assurances that "the girls wouldn't hurt you" at Belhaven the other night, and how quickly they moved up to those front seats?

Messrs. W. L. Duren, W. M. Bnie, A. Thompson, J. B. Howell, A. J. McLaurin, W. A. Williams, J. H. Grice and W. T. Rodgers are the Freshmen chosen by the faculty to contest for the Oscar Kearney Andrews declamation medal at commencement.

At its last meeting the Galloway Literary Society drafted resolutions of sympathy for Mr. R. Lee Cannon, '00, who had been called home on account of the death of his brother, Mr. Soule Cannon.

Dr. W. B. Murrah will deliver the annual address for the Hattiesburg High School on the 27th of April.

On March 31st Prof. W. L. Weber will address the Epworth League of the First Methodist Church on "The New Southern Romanticism."

Professor Bailey was called from college to Winona a few days ago, to see his sick mother. He has returned, the condition of his mother being much improved.

The annual Y. M. C. A. sermon will be preached here on the night of June 18th, by the Rev. Dr. W. T. Bolling, of Shreveport, La.

Dr. Murrah has recently had placed in his office several pictures, all of which will be noticed with much interest by the students. Just above the mantel there is a group of the members of the General Conference of 1898. On the western wall there is a group of Southern Methodist College Presidents. On the northern wall are portraits of Presidents Harper of the University of Chicago, Gilman of Johns Hopkins, and Eliot of Harvard.

The Junior class, and also the Sophomore class, have organized each a base-ball team. Of the Junior class team, W. T. Clark is captain; of the Sophomore class team, J. W. McNair is captain. Both of these teams have been on the field and have shown much enthusiasm in the plays. As yet the Freshman class has only a contemplated organization; but we do not hesitate to say that the Freshman class can play ball *even with the Seniors.*

Our commencement sermon and literary address will be delivered by Bishop Chandler on the 18th and 19th of June, respectively.

Our Annual Field Day will be celebrated on the campus in April. The day is yet to be selected. The program is as follows: Hundred yards dash; 220 yards dash; 440 yards dash; 1 mile run; 220 yards hurdle race; putting the shot; running broad jump; standing broad jump; running high jump; standing high jump; pole vault.

On the 20th of April, at Natchez, before the Mississippi Historical

Society, Prof. Weber will read a paper on Irwin Russell, "First-fruits of the Southern Romantic Movement."

The Senior class has organized a base-ball team, with Mr. J. T. Lewis, captain; G. L. Harrell, manager; J. P. Wall, treasurer.

Mr. Will A. Jordan, of Jackson, has presented to Alpha Mu chapter of Kappa Alpha Fraternity a very handsome crayon picture of Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson. Mr. Jordan is art teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Institute in this city.

Many of the boys attended the pupils' recital at Belhaven on the evening of the 17th. The entertainment was splendid and was greatly enjoyed.

The officers who will serve the Y. M. C. A. during the coming year are: W. T. Browning, President; T. M. Lemly, Vice-President; T. W. Holloman, Recording Secretary; G. R. Bennett, Corresponding Secretary; E. B. Ricketts, Treasurer.

Drummers have ever been looked upon as champions when it comes to telling yarns, but there is no reason why they should be placed beyond the college boy in proficiency in this line. The readiness with which a college boy can invent a yarn in order to go the other fellow "one better," is remarkable, and would furnish a source of much interesting matter to a careful observer. The editor of THE COLLEGIAN had his attention called to this fact by a series of yarns told by a crowd of students gathered in one fellow's room, just after supper, some evenings since. The country boys had the floor and the subject was "Mules." One fellow started it by saying his father had a mule which could jump any fence in the world; the second fellow said that was nothing, that a certain mule belonging to his father always jumped plumb over his stall whenever he had finished eating; the third fellow said his father's mule didn't have to jump — he could kick down any fence he came to; and the fifth fellow said his mule could not only kick down any fence he came to, but after getting over could kick it back up again; and the sixth fellow said that his father had a mule which had the bad habit of running his neck through whatever gate he came to, and of lifting it off the hinges. He said that there were three gates between his father's stable and a certain cornfield, and that many a morning he had found his mule in that field with all three gates hung to his neck. Or, in other words, that he could go all the "gates" and always "kept the 'gate' he got." The others passed.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. I. APRIL, 1899. No. 6.

A SHENANDOAH ROMANCE.

NATHANIEL VICK ROBBINS.

A beautiful sunshiny day. The azure hued canopy of Heaven looked down upon the beauty and majesty of Nature. There obtained a perfect tranquility save the tree tops who warbled their feelings into notes of sweet harmony and listened as if with delight to hear them taken up by hill after hill, and reverberated in musical cadence. That was a beautiful scene on the farm in the Shenandoah Valley. But notwithstanding this beatitude of nature and the corresponding effect upon the higher Creatures of Creation, the old farm was enveloped in a feeling of sadness.

Preparations were being made for "Marse Will" to be driven away to the Station house three miles away whence he was to speed away to College. At the Jennings home, notwithstanding the recognition on the part of his relatives of the importance of sending Will to college, and the exhilerated spirit, the brave boy manifested, there was a feeling of sadness and sorrow that pervaded everyone. As the time drew nearer and nearer for the idol of that home to depart these feelings became the more intense.

At last Mr. Jennings called his son and went with him into the library where his mother sat almost motionless.

And as they told the dear boy of the limitless possibilities that were his, of the grand opportunity that was before him and the dangers that perchance would beset him; tears were seen trickling down his handsome face — he too felt the gravity of the situation.

"My son," said Mr. Jennings, in a voice musical but emotional, "upon your exertions depend the future greatness and honor of our name. Yours is the power to make it illustrious, and may God help you to win success." Much was expressed in this sentence, which took root in that young heart.

"Father," said he, "I have long realized that the power is mine to preserve the glory and honor which cluster about our name.— I have had the immortal spark of ambition planted in my bosom — I realize that the future has something in keeping for me, and towards the attainment of this shall I direct my efforts."

At this point the colloquy ended, and Sarah having announced that dinner was ready, all repaired to the dining room.

The topic of conversation was the departure of Will for college. Every one predicted easy sailing for the boy but the father wisely shook his head. He, 'tho he himself had never experienced the years of college life knew that success was not a surety, but something to be achieved by dint of assiduous work. The time had now arrived and everything was ready for the departure, and sad, sad adieus said, kisses given and received, and then the old farm had become dimmer

and dimmer in the the distance until now by a sudden turn in the road the home of his childhood was out of sight.

Oh, the inexpressible feelings that possesses one when he leaves for some time the home of his childhood days, of his lovely simplicity, the place hallowed by a thousand sacred memories, the happiest and most sublime spot on earth. As he rode onward he revolved in his mind many times the words of his loving mother and father which rang in his ears with sweet melody.

The possibility of their son's being able to take a college course had been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Jennings for some time, but up to this time there had been no materialization. But now that the Squire had been seen in the village and had kindly advanced the money necessary therefor, their fondest hopes were realized.

The Jennings were one of the most aristocratic families in that section. Indeed the bravery and daring of Henry Jennings were often alluded to as an incentive for the indolent youth of the vicinity.

And as to the subject of our sketch there was no more kind and generous a boy in the United States than William Jennings.

He was a "lad of parts" and was known for many miles around, while his deeds of benevolence and mercy claimed for him a shrine in every true heart.

The good old dames of the community delighted to talk about him and to see him as he majestically rode by on his beautiful black horse. In the social circle, made up of the lads and lasses of that vicinity, this boy was the character around whom everything seemed to center. Indeed 'twas not many nights before that, a farewell dance had been given him and he was the most popular young man in the dance, in that stately mansion of old Squire Thomas. And in the promenades that were on the long winding balconies, the maidens vied with each other to look the sweetest and be his partner. There was one there too who seemed to charm the young man with her majesty, beauty and queenliness, to attract his attentions in no small degree. May Keaton was indeed the object of his attention. Will had loved her since their childhood. They had been reared together. They had heard sung each others lullabies. They had listened together to the old familiar mill stone as it made its peculiar noise. They had laughed over each other's joys and wept over each other's sorrows. And now after these long years of friendship and love, they were to be separated.

How many times had this amorous pair walked and talked in the twilight? How oft had they roamed over the mountains in search of wild flowers and of honey?

Having entered somewhat into the personality of our hero, we think it not amiss to attempt a description, inadequate as it must be, of our heroine. May Keaton was in many respects a girl of striking personality. She was a girl of, we may say, extraordinary intelligence; of a somewhat eccentric disposition: A girl whose bright eye and piercing countenance would claim one's attention, but one of those persons whose eccentricities cause people to misunderstand them and underestimate their genuine worth. She had, as we have learned, before been almost the constant companion of the boy; she had few other associates.

May was an omnivorous reader, and for one of her age a profound

thinker. In these respects she corresponded to Will.

The neighborhood in which these young people lived, while not a literary one in the strict sense of the word, had some personages who kept up with the works of merit and formed themselves into a quasi literary club, and as the foremost members of this club we introduce Mr. Will Jennings and Miss May Keaton.

And at the dance that night he again beheld his devoted one. He had called on her several afternoons before and made his farewell visit, and if there were ever moments in the young man's life in which feelings of sublimity held sway, it was the time when they sat together in the old arbor, an amorous couple whose heart longings palpitated in a long embrace. They had talked of the contents of the future and other things of mutual interest. And lastly she had wished him the greatest success, and requested him to be true to himself as ever and win the distinction that was in his power. With these words ringing in his ears he sadly wended his way homeward.

The town paper, which was published in Leeville, five miles away, in a most complimentary manner spoke of the departure, and with the limited verbosity of a country editor, wish d "much and great success." But this is incidental to our narrative and is entitled to no more of the reader's attention.

The carriage sped away over hill and valley, and in the distance could be seen the spire on the old station-house. The road was lined with crowds of colored brethren coming from the settlement, singing merrily as they sauntered along. "Dare goes Marse William. Well bless my honey, if he haint got his trunk with him. 'Spose he's gwine perspecting." "He's gwine to kollige, Miss Simpkins," spoke up a long dusky and dusty complexioned creature, looking over his spectacles in somewhat of a patronizing air. He was the settlement school teacher, the personification of love, who was looked upon with a veneration not unmingled with fear. There is a marked tendency among the negroes to indulge in superstitions of almost every nature. "Well, well, well," said Miss Violet, as she sheepishly cast her ebony hued optics toward the youthful pedagogue.

Numerous colloquies of this nature might have been heard, but the station has b en reached, and the young "perspecter" in the field of knowledge alighted from the carriage. Old Uncle Josiah, the driver, proudly follows his young friend, and stands on the platform as the train steamed away with that boy, and then silently and sorrowfully he wended his way homeward.

Mr. Jennings returned earlier than usual from the field that evening, and with his pipe in his mouth he sat in silent reverie. Mrs. Jennings was in the library engaged in her household duties, but there was an ever pervasive sadness that seemed to envelope the place. On the train moved emitting its curling masses of smoke and the puffs rang out a noise that was taken up by hills and vales and reverberated o'er and o'er again in the evening air. Then the shades of twilight darkened into the shadows of night and before long Will Jennings was dreaming dreams of his future.

In the morning the huge Iron horse rolled into Princeton.

(*To Be Continued.*)

A SKETCH OF DEMOSTHENES

Demosthenes, the subject of this sketch, was born at Athens, in 384 B. C. He, like many other great characters, was born of humble parentage. His father dying when Demosthenes was only seven years old, left his son a small inheritance, only one seventh of which he received, the rest having been seized by his avaricious guardians. While very young he struggled painfully to become an orator. He is related to have declaimed while running up hill, to have spoken with his mouth filled with pebbles, in order to cure stammering, the great defect in his speech, and to have spoken near the roaring waves, that he might become accustomed to confusion and tumult. He soon became a professional writer of speeches and pleas for the courts, sometimes speaking himself. Demosthenes' whole life is a contest with Philip of Macedon — the ablest champion of Greeek freedom against its craftiest enemy.

But as Demosthenes said, "If the Macedonian had not existed, the Athenians would have created one for themselves," for Athens had long been suffering from a decay of public spirit.

Politics were managed by a small band of politicians. Years before the danger from Macedonia was urgent, Demosthenes had begun the work of his life — the effort to lift the spirit of Athens, to revive the old loyalty.

He began his public career in 355 B. C., at the age of twenty-nine, by speaking in denunciation of the corrupt system of public affairs at Athens. In 354 B. C., when Athens desired to go to war with Persia, Demosthenes pointed out the danger and extreme folly of such an act. He declared that the navy must be increased before any war could be carried on successfully. The same practical precision is a striking feature in all of the political speeches of Demosthenes.

Two years later he deals with a more definite foreign policy. Sparta was threatening Megalopolis, and both sent embassies to Athens. Demosthenes supported Megalopolis. He claimed that the ruin of Megalopolis would mean Spartan domination, and he was strongly opposed to the tyranny of any one city. But a few years later, Demosthenes had to face a much graver question.

For six years Athens had been at war with Philip of Macedon, and he had been uniformly successful. Finally he had shown designs

against the Olynthian Confederation. Then it was that Demosthenes uttered the Philippics. The first Philippic was delivered in 351 B. C., and the third — the latest of his extant political speeches — in 341 B. C. Between these dates, he delivered 8 political speeches, seven of which directly concerned Philip. The whole number falls under two divisions. The first division comprises those speeches which were delivered while Philip was a foreign enemy, threatening from without. Such are the first Philippic and the Olynthiacs. The second division comprises those against Philip after the supremacy of Macedonia was recognized at Athens, and when the conflict was now between the Athenian and Macedodian factions. Demosthenes in his first Philippic declares that something must be done to check the victorious career of Philip, and that it must be done with a plan.

It was now (352) three years since the Olynthians had sent an embassy to Athens to make peace.

In 350 an Olynthian embassy had sought and obtained Athenian aid. The first Olynthiac declares that the war with Philip has come, and that one force must be sent to defend Olynthus, and another to attack Philip. The second Olynthiac claims that the strength of Philip is underrated, and that Athenians must meet that strength with equal energy.

The third Olynthiac carries us into the midst of action, and urges that the fund set apart for festivals be used for the war. But the hour of Olynthus had indeed come. A few months later it, with the other towns of the Confederation was destroyed. Finally, when Philip was supreme in power, Demosthenes was the embodied energy of Athens. Although his cause was lost his works were not fruitless. In 336 B. C., Ctesiphon proposed that the State present Demosthenes with a golden crown in return for his services. To prevent this proposition from being adopted, Aeschines, a rival of Demosthenes, gave notice that he intended to proceed against Ctesiphon for proposing an unconstitutional measure. Aeschines delivered the oration "Against Ctesiphon," which was an attack on the whole public life of Demosthenes. In reply, Demosthenes gained an overwhelming victory for himself and for the honor of Athens, in the most finished, the most splendid, and the most pathetic work of ancient eloquence, the immortal oration "On the Crown," Aeschines was completely overwhelmed, and was banished to Rhodes.

Alexander died in 323 B. C., and the voice of Demosthenes rang out like a trumpet, calling Greece to arms.

In the Lamian war which followed, with Antipater, the Macedonian general, the Greeks were disastrously defeated, and Antipater demanded that Demosthenes, who was the soul of the movement, should

be given up. Demosthenes fled to Calauria, ofi the coast of Argolis.

In this isle he sought refuge in a temple of Poseidon, but he was soon hunted down by the troops of Antipater. Archias, the leader of the soldiers, tried with flattering words to persuade Demosthenes to surrender himself, assuring him of the mercy of Antipater. Demosthenes first desired a moment in which to write to his friends. Withdrawing into the inner part of the temple, he took out a roll of paper, put the pen to his mouth and bit it, as it was his custom in composing. Then he threw his head back and drew his cloak over it. The soldiers began to taunt him for his cowardice. Archias approached him and encouraged him to rise. By this time Demosthenes felt that the poison which he had sucked from his pen was beginning to have its effect. He moved toward the door calling on the soldiers to support his tottering steps. He fell before the altar of the god, and with a groan, expired.

The glory of Demosthenes is that, while he lived, he helped Athens to live a higher life.

In this man artistic genius was united with moral enthusiasm and mental ability as in no other man. Where the modern orator would employ a wealth of imagery Demosthenes uses a phrase or a word. Tne Old world felt, as we feel, his mental and moral greatness. his devotion, his insight, but the Old world felt also, as we can never feel, the versatile perfection of his skill. Cicero, with generous appreciation, recognizes Demosthenes as the standard of perfection. Hermogenes, a great rhetorician, refers to this as "the orator." It is said that both Aristotle and Theophrastus founded their theory of rhetoric on his practice. Scores of accomplished men selected from his writings choice passages for declamation or perusal. And in modern times his reputation as a writer and orator has in nowise diminished. His orations constitute what approaches nearest to perfection in the history of eloquence. As long as the literature of Ancient Greece continues to influence modern thought, so long will the the memory of Demosthenes be held in reverence throughout the world.

Well might Demosthenes have said, as Cicero said when the envious Romans would not allow him to make the customary speech at the close of his consulate, "I swear I have saved the State."

H. Otis White, '01.

LAZY THOUGHTS OF A LAZY FELLOW.

When Spring comes, Nature puts on its best clothes and a winsome smile and greets everybody with the conscious air of being well dressed. The apple trees in the orchard robe themselves in white and modestly endure the admiration of the world, till a little older grown they don a becoming green. The peach trees prefer a brighter effect for their Spring opening and choose pink, but at last they too follow fashion and come out in green. The wee daisies lift up their heads, too modest to thrust themselves forward, but glad to be noticed. On everything is a pleasant look, and even the saucy sparrow with a straw in his mouth will cock his head to one side and give you a wink like the roguish coquette he is. The song birds take holiday and give open air concerts to the delight of their friends and the disgust of those unfortunates who can't sing, but are busy enough in providing for themselves a home against the time when family cares will come upon them. Wise providers are they.

The genial rays of the sun become enthusiastic in their greeting and slap you on the shoulder like an old-time friend. And sometimes like an old friend they weary you with the vehemence of their salutation and the persistence of their company. They can knock a coat off with very little ado and spoil a temper that is almost angelic. It is no small matter to get out of a shade when the air is red hot and the sun is like a ball of fire in the sky. There's no escaping punishment if you do. You may fondly imagine that an umbrella will save you! Foolish fellow! The labor of carrying it will wring boiling sweat from your brow and the gleeful red-hot air will stifle and blister you and hurt your eyes and scorch your clothes and cause you to cry out and make great dole in your distress. Don't go out in the sun when it's hot; there's no use in it. Everything can wait. Use your thoughts. Train your mind. Have pleasant thoughts. A swinging chair on the top deck of an iceberg. a swim in the North Polar Sea, and a couple of negroes to work palmettoes; a glass house at the bottom of the ocean—anything to pass the time, though time will pass anyway.

It will be worth while to pick out the coolest shade in your neighborhood. Maybe you can find some place about the house where there is always a breeze—there are such places in other people's houses—I never could find one in my own. When you have found the coolest place, stay there Get a book to read—a dull one, because then maybe you can go to sleep. If you can't sleep easily—quit trying. It's too great a waste of energy. It will be easier to stay awake. If

it's a favorable year for mosquitoes, you will have trouble, though you may get some good from it all. If they bother you, catch one and study him. Pull out his proboscis with red-hot nippers to see how long it is. Cut it off to see if he'll hollo. Singe his wings to see if you can smell the feathers burn. Break his leg to see if he can walk on crutches. Study him under all circumstances and conditions of life! If it's a good year for flies, may heaven have mercy upon you! Of all pestiferous fowls of the air they are the most so Wreak vengeance on them in every way you can A good way is to drive a pin through them into the table. Or tear off the wings on one side and the feet on the other. Put pepper in his eye to see if he'll squint. Sandpaper his back and pour on vinegar.

Somebody has made the observation that in the Spring time young men think about love. The reason is plain: It's easier to think then when the world is in such a cheerful mood and everybody is at peace with everybody else. And then the "greatest thing in the world" is worthy of thought. That dim indefinable, but ceaseless longing of the heart for something to cling to is enough to make a pyramid think. Did you never sit in a comfortable rocking chair on a balmy Spring evening with the doors and windows of your room invitingly open for the wandering breezes, your feet on the mantle-piece and mayhap a pipe in your mouth, and with closed eyes give your fancy free rein to roam in realms of love? A pair of black eyes or brown, or it may be blue for that matter, are looking into yours with a merry twinkle that makes you wild. You have looked into many eyes before and have felt their bewitching power, but now you feel yourself bound hopelessly by the fetters of a true love. You have felt that way before, but Time has loosed the fastenings for you to realize that it was a childish fancy. Not so now! All before was a mere shadow to the powerful feeling you experience now. Every fibre of your heart tingles with the trembling truth. You love as you never have loved before and never can love again. Ah, well!

What tresses of hair! To run your fingers through them but once you would give a life-time of misery. You wonder if she'd let you, and unconsciously stretch out your hand to try, only to see the vision vanish, and find yourself clutching empty air. With a foolish feeling and a glance around the room to see if anybody saw you, you go on with your dreaming. Surely no angel's face is fairer. The faint rose tint seen through the transparent skin gives a complexion as pure as the dewy flower itself. The lines of the face blend into a "vision of loveliness" and you are intoxicated by its sweetness. Those lips! "See Paris and die happy!" If you could but press those "curves of red" with your own, life could have no further happiness in store for you. You are carried away by the thought, to be brought back by your pipe falling out of your mouth, spilling fire and ashes all over your clothes.

The pleasure of the dream is marred by the recollection of a first hour recitation in the morning, and an utter lack of preparation at this late hour of the night. But with the lazy man's logic you reason that the harm done by sitting up longer would be greater than the good done by studying, so to bed you go, to dream of—blue eyes or black or brown?

C. R. Lyman.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Everything indicates that summer is approaching!

That luxurious laziness commonly called "Spring Fever," the forerunner of the warmer months—but which by the way some of us have all year — has arrived.

The budding flowers and green trees bring back to us sweet memories of commencement of other years.

The female student in her eager longings for home has already reduced the time down to the very number of seconds and her commencement gown from an anxious anticipation has doubtless become a reality.

Plans enough have been made for the coming vacation easily to occupy the summers of many years to come. The picture of home with its familiar scenes, its much loved faces, is constantly in our minds. May we all be as happy as we anticipate!

The system of class organization adopted in most of our colleges is one of very great advantage.

It creates a spirit of emulation which becomes the very life of the college. Each class striving to out-stretch the preceding and succeeding ones, awakens an interest in scholarship, athletics, oratory and in every other department of college work which can be excited so generally and so thoroughly in no other way. They have the advantage of college societies because they reach and excite this spirit of emulation and loyalty in every student in college, whereas these other societies do not include all the students in their membership.

It creates a warm and cordial feeling between the members of the class and cultivates friendships of the warmest and closest kinds. Such friendships make college life happier and leave memories in the minds of the students which will prove a great tie in after years between them and their old college.

Each class vies with the other in working for the college. And this very work will cultivate a college loyalty which will make the student devoted to the interest of his college during the remainder of his life.

Thus it is an advantage to the student and to the college, and while making the college greater and better, will make of the student a generous, warm hearted man.

So let us have our class organizations. Let us be as enthusiastic as we please over the election of class officers; let the Preps play the seniors baseball or any other game; what matters if the proud seniors are beat. They will be the better for it!

As far as college work is concerned "we are on the home stretch." Three quarters have been passed but none has seemed so long and so full as the one just before us. There are so many things which must happen and so much work to be done before the close, that we scarcely dare think of commencement. There are at such a time two conflicting desires within us, the one to hasten commencement, with all its pleasures and privileges, and the other to postpone all the hard work which must be done before we are prepared to meet the issue of the final tests. And yet how much does the one desire depend on the successful accomplishment of this very work? Who can really enjoy commencement and the following vacation when he has failed on his year's work? But to whom are the pleasures of commencement so sweet as to him who is conscious of having deserved and won them by a year of hard, hard work?

Surely the rest is sweetest to him who has toiled the hardest

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There is no place on earth where a person is more likely to become oblivious to what is going on in the outside world than at college. All of his reading time seeming to be taken up by study and no special arrangements having been made for a newspaper it requires a battle of Manilla or a blowing up of the Maine to remind him of the existence of other places and other peoples. Now we would hardly advocate a diligent study of every column of our great dailies but surely it is a good idea to devote ten or fifteen minutes per day to the general news as we receive it in our daily papers.

As a matter of course not a day passes without the happening of some interesting event somewhere which the whole world discusses over its cups at breakfast the next morning and which students should not consider beneath their dignity or too trivial to devote a few minutes of their all precious time to.

In spite of the important parts being enacted by us on the Campuses of our much loved colleges the world does move on, and as strange as it may seem, things interesting are happening elsewhere which it is a pity that we should allow ourselves to miss.

OUR EXCHANGE TABLE.

Another month has "rolled around" and we are warned that our manuscripts must be ready! Last month we were cheated out of our space of the COLLEGIAN and therefore we have'nt had the pleasure of greeting any of our old friends and meeting the new. It is understood that when one exchanges with another magazine one has the right to criticise, whether *harshly* or *otherwise.* We notice a great tendency to "kick." Now we don't intend to "sling mud" for we believe that the "slinger" gets almost as filthy as the one who is "slung at." So don't take what is only a suggestion or a just criticism so much to heart."

The first college paper we take up is our old friend, The Record. We are glad that it has entered with us in the praise of the illustrious Irwin Russell. The Record is always welcome and is always read with much pleasure.

The Ring-Tum Phi is on the table before us. The article "Practice what they Preach," is a very sensible article; speaking of the rule compelling students to attend chapel it says: "The writer of this communication generally attends chapel, inasmuch as he enjoys the addresses; but he would feel little compunction in "cutting the gatherings, for he has observed that the professors are *not over-particular* about attending, and he feels that he may safely imitate their example."

The Reveille is a constant visitor and is enjoyed. "The Appeal of the New Orleans Alumni" and "Louisiana Chatauqua" were especially good.

The Mirror has so many good articles in its last two issues that we will not attempt to praise any special one; suffice it to say we enjoyed "them all."

The Trinity Archive is an interesting magazine, but where is its "exchange" department?

Now here is the dear old Whitworth Clionian. I wonder why we love this magazine so much? We are always glad to see you anyway, and enjoy perusing your "weighty" matter. "A Sad Week" was undoubtedly sad!

Jefferson Buzz-Saw, we greet you! And hope to see you often.

The Scroll is real interesting. We notice however, that we got the copy intended for "Miss Foster," but we will not copy the immortal words penned upon the margin!

Some one gave us a copy of The L. L. L. Star. We wish to exchange with you Star and welcome you to our table.

We have just received our first copy of the College Journal and we are glad to exchange with The Journal, especially since we have so many friends on the staff.

Another new friend! The Jeffersonian. We extend our hand and are pleased to see you.

We are in receipt of the Emory and Henry Era. This is a fine magazine, one that has a great deal of interest taken in it. We are sorry that the "Sage" "went out of business," but hope that the change will do him good.

We wish to thank the Westminster Student for its last issue and hope to exchange with it regularly.

So the Exchange Editor of the College Chimes really wishes to try the K. I. S. S. experiment? Well now we are rather bashful and you had better try some one else, however, if driven to it we may try the experiment. We will say *we have* a dark *room*. There is something *sublime* about this experiment and we are lead to believe that sublimation is involved. We are surprised that you did not give more than three colums to Irwin Russell!

We are glad to welcome the Howard Collegian to our table. It is a good magazine.

The University Unit was received sometime since and read with pleasure.

The Purple And Gold is a good magazine and we are glad to exchange.

The Tulane Collegian is always welcome. We read it with interest. "Shining Wits" is a good article. The Fiction in the Collegian is always good. The Muse is always propitious to its pages too.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Old Gold And Purple.

We notice this paragraph in the College Reflector:

"What are you going to do when you get through here? Is the question going the rounds of the Senior Class now; but there are but few of them who can give a defi ite answer." The Record gives a suggestion in the following words: "We can give you a definite answer; if you manage to dodge the lunatic asylum and the peniten-

tiary you are going home and pull the bell cord over "Old Beck," as you did before you went there." You see there are "others," Mr. Reflector.

CLIPPINGS

"The tall pines pine,
The Paw-Paws pause,
The Bumble-bee bumbles all day;
The eaves-dropper drops,
The Grass-hopper hops,
While gently the cowslips away."—University Record.

"When you court a girl to wed her,
Never let your question stop;
First you have to pop the question,
Then you have to question pop."—Ex.

"The lily we love it is whiter
For the darkness that covers the day;
The pearl of the soul, it is brighter,
For the shadows that turn to gray."—Dr. T. O. Tickner.

GOLDEN RODS.

A hillside flowing with golden fires,
Torches that wave when the Sun is still,
A splendor of spheres with fretted spires—
The golden rods holding the slope of the hill.

A gruesome whisper of whithered stalks,
Spectral and dim on the moon's pale way,
A rustle of leaves in the lonely walks,
And the ghosts of the golden rods stoled in grey—
R. E. L. in the Bookman.

Sow an act, and you reap a habit.
Sow a habit, and you reap a character.
Sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—Ex.

Think of the sunshine of life, not its clouds.—The Mercerian.

Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—Wordsworth.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.—Browning.

No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.—Shakespeare.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

The editor is glad to give the readers of the magazine such an excellent likeness of another member of the class of '95—John Gill Lilly (B.S.), of Chesterville, Miss. Lilly was enrolled as a student in September, 1892, and his name appeared in the catalogue of students until June, 1895, when he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

The records of the institution show that his class standing was good. He entered the Sophomore class and was acknowledged if not the leader of his class, one of the hardest students. During his first

session at college he secured, to a remarkable degree, the confidence of both faculty and students, and during the remaining two years was looked upon as one of the most reliable men in college. The members of the faculty seemed to have a warm personal regard for him, and his fellow-students, who knew him at all well, knew him to like him.

I don't think I have known a graduate of the college in whose character there is more harmoniously blended as many good qualities. It is not often one meets a college man who is a consistent Christian, an excellent student, and who might be called "Prince of good fellows." Lilly was such an one. He took a prominent part in Y. M. C. A. work, his college record was one that would do credit to any man, and his joviality and genial good will I have never seen surpassed.

His college friends were almost co-extensive with his college acquaintances, and they will, I know, experience a genuine thrill of pleasure on seeing the excellent likeness above.

The year following his graduation Lilly entered the Medical Department of Tulane University, where he remained for two years, and the following year was spent in the hospital at Natchez, Miss. During the Spring of this year (1898) he applied to the State Medical Board for license, and having passed what was pronounced an excellent examination, was duly licensed. The following October he again entered Tulane, where he will receive his degree this Spring. A few weeks ago, when the appointments were made for commencement, that of class orator fell to his lot. A recent letter states that he will, shortly after graduation, enter the U. S. Marine Hospital Service. There seems a peculiar fitness in the man for such a branch of his profession, and the service will profit by his work.

If his success is measured by the good wishes of the COLLEGIAN and those of his college friends, it will be full measure and running over. It will be the highest and truest success. That which comes from "thinking noblest and acting best."

Aquilla John McCormick (B.A. '96, L.L.B. '97) is practicing law at Clarksdale, Miss. Soon after he received his license he formed a partnership in Hattiesburg, the title of which was Deason, Stevens & McCormick. The partnership was soon dissolved by the removal of McCormick to Clarksdale, where he is now practicing with success, and says that while his office is not over-run with clients, yet he is doing the young lawyer's share of business. The COLLEGIAN wishes him every success and a clientale both wealthy and large.

Stith Gordon Creen (B.A. '96) is a third year medical student in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. From all reports, he is sustaining the record for scholarship he made here. After finishing his four years' course in New York he expects to finish in

Germany, when he will return and offer his professional services to the citizens of some American city.

Jesse Thompson Calhoun (B.A. '96) is superintendent of the Columbia public school, which, by the way, is considered one of the best of its kind in Mississippi. This is its second year under his administration, and the school is growing in numbers and in influence. He has a number of good instructors under him, and annually enrolls between four and five hundred pupils. Calhoun expects to make a specialty of mathematics, and with that in view took work in his line at the University of Chicago last Summer.

Joseph Anderson Applewhite (B.A. '96) was an instructor in the Nationai Deaf Mute College in Washington the year following his graduation. For the last two years he has been in Vancouver, Wash., an instructor in the deaf mute college there. He will probably make this his life work. His friends here are wondering how he can get his consent to use a sign language. They remember very distinctly his talking propensities.

W. H. Bradley (B.S. '98) passed through Jackson recently, going to Louisville, Ky., to take an office position with the I. C. R. R. He intends fitting himself for the position of track-surveyor. An expert civil engineer is his ambition, and he carries with him the best wishes of the COLLEGIAN for success.

Capt. J. W. Canada, Co. L, 4th Tennessee, is now with his regiment in Savannah, having recently returned from Sancti Spiritus, Cuba, where the regiment has been stationed for several months. While in Cuba Canada was honored by appointment to several responsible positions. Soon after the regiment reached Sancti Spiritus he was appointed Superintendent of Public Schools and Charities, and authorized to re-organize the system then in vogue and intruduce what changes he thought necessary. As the population of the city is about 33,000, the position was by no means an unimportant one. For several weeks preceding the departure of the regiment he held the position of Judge Advocate of the Court Martial, an office which he writes required a great deal of labor. "The Capt." is expected in Jackson within the next few weeks, or, if not then, during commencement.

Two marriages have come to our notice recently that will be of interest to our readers. That of R. W. Harmon to Miss Daisy Johnson, and L. E Alford (A B. '97) to Miss Virginia Albright of McComb City, Miss. Harmon is now an M.D., and will practice in his home county. Alford is pastor of the Methodist Church of Westville, Miss.

W. H. Hargrove, who attended the college during the sessions of

'94-5, '95-6, is now at Moody Training School in Chicago. He is preparing himself for the Methodist ministry.

Another old student at Hattiesburg is R. R. Hudson, with Hawkins & Co. W. B. Jones (A.B. '97), R. B. Ricketts (B.S. '98), and S. L. Heidelberg are there also.

One of the promising young physicians of the Canton neighborhood is R. B. Crisler, a graduate of the Memphis Medical College.

H. L. Henington, a student in '92-3, '93-4, has recently been graduated from the business college at Meridian, and is now a book keeper in New Decatur, Ala.

B. C. Harris is farming with success at Flora, Miss., and is now a married man.

Another college boy at Flora is W. S. Ross, who is with M. P. Simpson & Co., general merchants.

The friends of Henry Selby were glad to see him in Jackson during the meeting of the Dental Association. For the last two years he has been in the Dental Department at Vanderbilt.

Earnest Wadsworth (L.L.B. '98), who has been practicing law in the Delta, has recently gone to Meridian.

A letter from A. W. Fridge, dated Highland Falls, N. Y., states that he will soon stand examination for entrance into the academy at West Point. He is now being prepared at Highland Falls.

The many friends of H. G. Fridge will be glad to know that he will be in college next year. He is now in Clarksville, Tenn., attending S. W. P. U.

T. D. Greenhaw is keeping books in Clarksdale, Miss.

W. F. Anderson has a lucrative business in electrical supplies, and also does a general plumbing business, in Canton, Miss.

N. L. Swayze and E. A. Rabb are at Evans, Miss. Swayze is managing a plantation and Rabb is buying cattle for Northern markets.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

Although the American College Young Men's Christian Association has been in existence only forty-one years it has grown to be the strongest intercollegiate organization in America and its membership now numbers many thousands. It is still a matter of dispute as to when the first college association was organized in this country, but it is generally accepted that the first were organized at the Universities of Virginia and Michigan in the year 1858. Until 1877 the growth was slow, averaging only one association a year, but since that date they have sprung on all hands, and now there are about 570 associations with a membership of 30000.

The college association has grown to vast proportions, and in order that the men may be properly fitted to conduct the work more advantageously student conferences are held during the summer months at different places in the United States. About one thousand students attend these conferences and return to their school better qualified to perform the duties of the several braches of work.

Our new President has had special training at the Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, Conference.

At the first business meeting of this session only fourteen members answered to the roll call, and at the present time the membership is seventy-five, the highest that it has reached during a single session since the opening of the college.

This department gladly gave its space in the last issue in order that it might be filled with matter concerning Mississippi's immortal poet — Irwin Russell.

The meetings for the last two months have been both interesting and profitable. The addresses in the afternoons by invited speakers and those of the evening by the students, have been well attended, all are endeavoring to make this the most successful year of the association.

Daily prayer services are now held in the hall, the outcome of which is hoped to be a revival among the students.

On the evening of March 10th, Dr. S. A. Steel, of Nashville, Tenn., delivered his famous lecture "Home Life in Dixie" to a large and and appreciative in the chapel of Belhaven College in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. of Millsaps College, a handsome sum of money realized, which was added to the fund for furnishing the hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

On the evening of May 5th the Galloway Literary Society will celebrate its 6th anniversary. On that occasion the friends of the Galloways will be entertained by Mr. L. W. Felder, Mr. Harris Allen Jones, and Mr. W. E. M. Brogan. These gentlemen are all excellent speakers and the occasion promises to be one of unusual pleasure.

Among the festivities of the month was the reception given by the members of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity, after the exercises of the L. L. S., on the evening of the 14th. The combination of a beautiful evening, delightful refreshments, happily congenial guests and cordially enthusiastic hosts made the occasion one of long to be remembered pleasure. Among the guests were quite a number of the students of Belhaven College, who are always warmly welcomed to any entertainment at Millsaps College.

One of the most pleasant events of the season was the reception given by the members of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity on the evening of the 14th. The Chapter rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens and the Fraternity colors—old gold, maroon and peacock blue. Sweet music was furnished by skillful performers and altogether the occasion was most enjoyable. Dainty refreshments were served in a tastefully arranged hall. The many guests were unanimous in their praise of the Chapter and the reputation of the Kappa Sigmas as hosts was fully sustained.

Very delightful, too, was the entertainment of the Tau Delta Omicron boys and their friends by Miss Mattie Cavett at a lawn party on the afternoon of April 14. During the afternoon dainty refreshments were served in the spacious dining hall, Misses Bessie Cavett and Bessie Wilson serving. The tables were tastefully ornamented with the colors of the fraternity—purple and cream. All present were delightfully impressed with Miss Cavett's ability as a hostess.

Prof. B. H. Locke, '98, was present at the recent Teachers' Convention in our city.

Chancellor Fulton, of the University of Mississippi, occupied a

seat on the stage during the exercises of the L. L. S. anniversary.

The "Tennis Association" has become one of the most enthusiastic and popular organizations among the students. The courts are in an excellent condition and with a few improvements will be the best in the State. The members and officers are "fellows" who make a success of everything they undertake. Officers for the ensuing year are: S. L. Burwell, President; H. T. Carley, Vice President; Prof. G. C. Swearingen, Secretary and Treasurer; R. Neblett, Court Manager; M. H. Brown, Collector.

Miss Mattie Cavett entertained the "Tau Delta Omicrons" at a lawn party on the 14th.

John H. Holloman, of Phoenix, came over to the Kappa Sigma reception

The Scientific Association continues to be of great benefit and interest to the students of the sciences. Two more regular meetings will be held this session. Very entertaining programs are provided for both.

The "Juniors" claim to be "up to date," and indeed their claim is just. A few days since they received the class hats, which no doubt belong to the 22nd century. An orange hat with a purple band is extremely "sporty". But alas! the "Preps", with their accustomed innocence, or rather insolence, have destroyed the glory of 1900 by purchasing one of the novelties, to be worn on Sunday by the prep who makes the best mark in orthography during the preceding week.

One of the most, if I may not say the most, enjoyable occasions during the last month, was the anniversary of the Lamar Literary Society. The program as has already been published, was carried out successfully and very entertainingly. The speakers all acted their parts well and won a reputation for themselves and reflected honor and credit upon the society. The chapel was beautifully decorated with flowers and was completely filled with people. No anniversary of either society has before been celebrated with greater success. We regret that lack of space makes it necessary for us to speak so briefly of this occasion.

The sophomores are rejoicing because they have finished their course in Old English and also in Middle English, and a more glorious thing still is the fact that they have stood their final examination in both.

Some of the students are taking great interest in their preparation for field-day exercises. Even up to this time names have been given in for nearly, or quite, all the contests.

We were glad to meet Rev. J. J. Golden on the campus during the past month. Mr. Golden is a former student of Millsaps, and we are always glad for him to come back to see us.

Hon. John Sharp Williams, of the 5th Congressional district, made a fine and impressive speech to the students on "Oratory" at the anniversary of the Lamar Literary Society.

Since Spring has come we learn that our class poets are spending no small part of their time in writing poetry. We hope the "muses" will favor them, and by the publication of our next COLLEGIAN we will have it filled with verses from "our own" immortal poets.

Four members of the Senior class, namely, J. T. Lewis, H. T. Carley, A. W. Dobyns and H. B. Watkins, have been selected by the faculty to represent the Senior class at our next commencement.

The State Inter-Collegiate oratorical contest will be held at Natchez on the 28th of this month. We are waiting with impatience for the time to come. We have chartered a car for the trip, and will be met here by a large number of students from the University of Mississippi and also from Mississippi College at Clinton, and will all go down together. This will probably be the largest crowd of college boys that has ever been seen in the State.

Misses Chambers, Hart, Rutledge, and Mortimer, of Brookhaven, attended the Lamar anniversary and Fraternity reception on the 14th.

Dr. Moore's class in surveying is very enthusiastic and seems to like the work very much. The class is now doing actual field work every week.

The contract has been let for Prof. Swearingen's new residence at the Buckley place on State street.

Prof. Weber has been invited to deliver the baccalaureate address to the class from East Mississippi Female College on May 31st.

The Lamar Soeiety has made arrangements to have their hall on third floor handsomely refitted.

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THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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A SHENANDOAH ROMANCE.

NATHANIEL V. ROBBINS.

PART II.

Now were the eyes of the boy, the extent of whose vision had been circumscribed to the horizon of the adjacent country opened to the limitless grandeur and extent of the nation.

There had been a transition, as if by magic, from the land of farms and farmhouses to that of cities of great extent and commercial importance whose strests lined with thousands of people presented the the spectacle of a sea of human forms.

No time was lost in reaching the University.

The town of Princton as viewed by the expectant student that morning gave evidence of the existence of many palatial residences, manors, as it were, of spacious extent and symmetrical construction. Pretty soon was in view a large, beautiful and grassy area dotted here and there with buildings the beauty of whose symmetry attracted Will's eye.

"Can this be the place?" thought he, but his doubts were quickly dispelled when he looked through an avenue and saw fluttering in the breeze a flag of Orange and Black, on which was written in large letters, "Princeton." Then were heard numberless voices and soon were in view a concourse of college students.

"There is the next President of the Nation," shouted a voice from the crowd. "Why gentlemen," shouted another, "he is to succeed Dr.———in the chair of Theology."

"Has he not a Theologies dignity of manner?" he continued, as the carriage sped past them containing a boy, whose nerves were at a tension, and an Irish cabman, who laughed down his sleeve, to think of what awaited the apparently timid Freshman.

The office of the President was at length reached and the young collegian alighted from the carriage. Then was a knock at the door and entrance into the presence of the august President.

"My name is William Jennings of Leeville, Virginia, sir, and I wish to matriculate in the University." "I am happy, young friend,

to make your acquaintance, and to learn of your intention to enter the University. We are glad to have you with us and wish you success in the work you are about to begin. You wi'l be required to meet several of the professors who will examine you for entrance."

"I shall be pleased to have you call at the office again, but as I have a class ready to recite at this hour, you will please excuse me."

Upon meeting the professors to whom he had been directed to report for "exams" and stating to them the advancement he had made in his studies and upon being duly interrogated, Will was admitted to the Freshman class.

He was, thereupon asassigned a room in "Old North College" dormitory to be conjointly occupied by himself and a student from New York City. The student referred to, was John Kendricks, whose father, at one time, was on the Supreme bench of the State of New York.

Kendricks was apparently a man between eighteen and nineteen years of age, of fine appearance and pleasing address.

He had entered the University only a few days before but having had an older brother at the University before him and having often visted him, meeting the men and entering into their sports with them he had many friends among them and felt now somewhat at home.

He was in the crowd that Will had passed only a short while before and had heard the plans suggested and adopted to take the timid youth into the darkness of the night and thoroughly imbue him with the true college spirit.

As Kendricks looked into the eyes of the boy that were blue and somewhat watery and saw the evidence of the struggle within, his heart, responsive as it was, was touched.

"Jennings," said he, "there is a time honored custom extant among college men to put the Freshmen through a few thrilling experiences you know; there was quite a goodly number put through last night.

"Now, the fellows are coming to our room tonight after you to take you out and, old man, I'll tell you it will be the best plan for you to take this fun in a good natured sort of way. I shall be with you and shall see that you sustain no injuries. Lie down there and take a rest, for I am sure you must feel very fatigued after your trip." The suggestion was heeded and soon Will was oblivious to the merry shouts and hurrahs of the boys on the field and a considerable number scheming just outside his door.

He was dreaming.

He was going in the gate of his old Virginia home and father, mother, and everyone were coming to meet him, as a prodigal? No; but as a returning hero.

He had been to war and had fought in his nation's battles. He had been made major for the bravery and heroic conduct he displayed and was complimented by his general besides.

With what wild enthusiasm was he received! No conqueror ever received a greater ovation or more open handed welcome. The people in the village near came to see him and shake hands with the boy, whose curly locks once shone like burnished gold in the sunlight, now a man majestic and grand.

His sweetheart was among them and with what a mellow and bewitching look did she regard him!

He stood entranced at her beauty. Never did he see her face beam with such radiance or a countenance so expressive of ecstasy and delight. Surely Cleopatra, who so captivated the young Roman's heart, was surpassed by the charms of that beautiful and pure country lass and he felt that, could he draw her to his bosom and disclose the feelings that possessed him, he would attain unto an earthy paradise.

Alas—it was no more—it was but a dream that vanished as quickly as it came

Oh, cruel dream that takes possession of one's thoughts and thrills him with ecstatic joy, transforms him into a happy being moving in another sphere and then permits him to awake only to find it a mocking unreality!

It was dusk, the light in the room was burning and Kendricks was busily engaged in writing.

"Well" he said, as Will arose "A good deal refreshed, eh?" "You have missed dinner." "Do you care for any supper? if so, we'll go at once to the Hall."

But Will was not hungry and assured his friend of thi fact. Then both sat in silence for some minutes until their reveries were interrupted by a loud knock at the door.

"Who's there?" cried Kendricks.

"It's Bill and all of us, let us in," shouted a gruff, deep voice—that of the spokesman of the crowd. In another moment, the door was opened and college men appeared by the dozen.

"Well my young man we would like for you to go out a while with us tonight" began the spokesman. "Certainly gentlemen, I shall be delighted to go with you and shall be ready in a moment," Will replied. This reply evidently melted the crowd and there were not a few faces that read they were willing to let that boy off.

There was something about the chap that was inexplicable but that which attached immediately the crowd to him.

But the start was made and it must be continued until the object

sought be accomplished. Then the group plunged into the darkness of the night and proceeded forward.

On and on they went.

At length a large tract of land which the half hidden moon revealed to be a grave-yard was reached and into the sombre precincts of the "city of the dead" the lad was ushered.

PENSERILSO.

"But let my" two "feet never fail"
To keep away from every jail,
And hate "the high embowed roof",
"With antique pillars" burglar-proof,
"And storied windows" nailed so tight,
"Casting a dim" convicting "light".
There let the breakfast-bugle blow,
To all the convicts down below,
"In service" hard and shrill notes clear,
As may with horror "through mine ear",
Draw from me some awful cries,
"And bring" all "Hell before mine eyes".

M. H. Brown, '00.

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

Whether you know it or not,
Whether you mean it or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

— Youth's Companion.

MUST WAR EXIST?

GARNER WYNN GREEN.

God created man in His own image. Man's nature was to be God nature, essentially peaceable. He was given as his divine heritage dominion over the beasts of the fields and fowls of the air. All nature was subject to him under the law of his creation and the liberty and peaceful domination of his heaven-born will. The only restraining condition was that he should not eat the fruit of the tree which was in the middle of the garden. This he did do, and at the same time came under the law of conflict, strife and death. This rebellion against God's will was the first war and from it all subsequent wars logically flow. For this the curse was that man should eat bread by the sweat of his brow. He antagonized all nature to him. He must overcome her opposition if he would live. By his own efforts he must subdue the world and himself, and restore by his triumph over all opposing natural and moral forces the operation of the divine law which he had defied.

Since man newly made of earth walked with his God over the peaceful paths of terrestrial paradise, along the verdant banks of the crystalline river where the tree of life flourished in its glossy coat of perennial green, since the time when man transgressed the immutable law of his Creator and fell, society has been founded on a selfish basis Man has looked to his own interest and welfare and when they seemed to conflict with the interests of others he has appealed to the law that might makes right and by the sword have their controversies been settled.

Will this always be or will there come a time on earth when this grim destroyer of nations shall be banished and the white winged dove of peace hover over the blood drenched plains of his horrible deeds? Appalled we stand and gaze at the awful sight of men—of tender hearts and loving natures—meet in battle and with murderous weapons kill and torture with wounds his fellow man and brother. With the torch lay in ashes the home with all of its fond and tender memories and turn upon the world's cold charity the wife and children—nay by his own direful deed made widow and orphans. And for what? That his animal nature may be satiated by the blood of his fellow man? That his desire for vengeance for wrongs, real or imaginary, may be satisfied? Are not these the lawful children of man and sin

born of defiance of God's pristine and beneficent laws of faith and love?

Why not let his controversies be settled in the negotiations of diplomacy where the intellectual giants of each country sit in council assembled and without passion determine the rights of each party? Such would have been the case, but, alas, man transgressed the laws of his Maker and fell. For a time his animal nature became supreme, but God at the same time declared that the seed of woman should bruise the serpent's head. To advance ever over difficulties and dangers were the conditions by which he was to create a terrestrial paradise. He must go forward amid conflicts and strife and even over the fear of Death himself if ever again he is to transform this earth into heaven. War must prepare the way for peace. They are antitheses, yet they are supplements. And peace must arise out of war, if ever she is ever more to reign over this sin-stained world

Can it be that the instruments of warfare be so deadly that man shall fear to face these implements of hell? Shall man yield to cowardice, that most contemptible of moral delinquency? No, in the name of manhood, no; never shall man fear to die for that which he considers right! But it is indisputable that as the weapons become more deadly fewer are slain in battle. More have fallen by the sword and spear than by the whistling shot or shrieking shell. The modern battleship, unharmed by winds, impervious to the waves, has caused fewer to be swallowed up by the all devouring ocean than the trireme of old, subject to danger from every wind that blew and every wave that ruffled old ocean's breast. Has courage failed? Shall man become a coward? "It shall not be till the last moments of my earthly existence, it shall be only when I am drawn to the verge of oblivion, it shall be only when I have lost respect and affection for every thing on earth that I will believe that the people of these United States capable of knowing the right and not defending it. Under Liberty's own emblem, the Stars and Stripes, we will do or die!

War is hell, but peace is by no means heaven. When man becomes so low, so degraded as to trample under foot the rights of his fellow-man, as to reduce him to the rank of a brute, when he is bereft of life, liberty, property and the pursuit of happiness, the same force that nerves the strong to oppress creates resistance in the weak, and so upon the broad foundation of the sin of Adam is erected the diabolical instrumentality of war as the means of determining justice between man and man, brother and brother.

Man is a selfish animal. He has that in his constitution which causes the rich to impose upon the poor, the strong to prey upon the weak, the mighty to crush the lowly. It is incessant strife. The greater nations of the earth declare war upon the weaker that they may gain some paltry advantage. They are willing, nay they are eager

to divide and partition their land, to drive the native by unbearable burdens away and destroy the home with all its fond and tender memories.

If the principles of justice are to be maintained when the pride of power invades the helplessness of weakness, should not civilization in thunderous tones cry out against the unholy act and "pity, like a naked, new born babe or heaven's cherubim horsed on the sightless couriers of the air blow the horrid deed to every eye that tears might drown the wind"?

Under the Mosaic dispensation war was necessary, for man was but a rebellious outcast. During the period war was continuous. Since that time man has been ever advancing to that high point from which he fell. He must meet on the field of battle the combined forces of nature, sin and death, he must overcome them, nay, he must annihilate them. The only favoring condition that remains to man in this conflict is the law of development, the survival of the fittest, and by its aid he must conquer if ever again he is to live in peace and harmony with his Creator and have nature as his handmaid.

We must have war and continuous war as long as man is essentially human. But, under the benificent influences of the Gospel, he has been ever going forward to that high point where again his nature will become divine and then and only then shall war cease. When he shall love his God with his whole heart and his neighbor as himself then will the law of man's fall be abrogated and the victory of the grave and death over the natural body be turned into peace and joy for the spiritual body. But nature's earth with nature's sin can not be the scene of this divine transformation. Earth must be the place for earth's conflicts, for the terrestrial and celestial are not the same or subject to the same laws.

As long as man in the selfishness of his natural body is forced to eat bread by the sweat of his brow, just so long will antagonisms arise and the laws of force prevail. When Death shall usher us pale, trembling souls into the presence of our Creator, when the secrets of the heart shall be laid bare, when the material shall have been replaced by the spiritual, then shall war cease and peace, that best of God's sweetest gifts, so touch the heart of mankind, that with perfect knowledge man shall live, with his soul attuned to the perfect law of liberty, in triumph over the world, the flesh and the devil, in communion with his God forever.

POEM ON SPRING.

When earth fell from the great Creator's hand —
And mists were scattered over every land —
He bade the angels separate the year,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, and the *Winter drear.*

"Let us," said he, "fill full the beauteous Spring
With trees, and flowers, and birds upon the wing;
Let Nature soothe man's sorrow and despair,
And works of God full vanquish every care.

Thus the King spoke, and straight the host descends,
And o'er the earth, on hovering wing depends;
They well obeyed all their great Lord's commands,
And Spring, the green, fell from the *angel's* hands.

When winter dies, with all his cold and gloom,
The Spring's sweet blossoms shower on his tomb;
The glorious sun bestows his gentle beam;
And fleets of crimson blossoms flood the stream.

The juicy peaches bloom at every turn,
While gracious earth upholds the trembling fern;
The ancient elms throw down their dingy flowers,
The kingly oak the grateful earth *embowers.*

The lark, affrighted from his native ground,
Pours forth his melody in silvery sound;
The tim'rous quail pipes out her whistling cry,
And answering song fills all the places nigh.

The gentle moon darts down her lightsome kiss
To youthful lovers, filled with heavenly bliss;
Beneath the trees the dark dim shadows play,
But fly afar at the approach of day.

Hail, glorious Spring! Whose smiles so sweet
Make glad our hearts, and guide our wandering feet;
Remain fore'er to bless and cheer mankind!
And leave no mark but joy and peace behind!

H. Otis White.

MAN'S GREATNESS.

"There is nothing great in the universe but man, and nothing great in man but the mind." God preconceived the greatness and power man would have. But he knew that it must be through mental and not physical strength that he should attain unto greatness.

Had God intended man to do his work by physical strength, he would have given him legs long enough to cover miles at a stride; he would have given him arms like the driver of the propelling engine of a steam boat; he would have given him shoulders like the fabled Atlas for bearing great burdens across the continent. But instead of this he endowed man with a mind, able to extract iron from the earth, and cast it into locomotives. Instead of giving him eyes that could decipher many important details in the heavens, he gave him a mind able to construct telescopes for this purpose. Instead of giving man a thousand fingers for weaving, he gave him a mind, that with five fingers, could invent a loom.

A farmer while cutting his hay with a scythe conceived the plan of a mowing machine. His invention brought him a vast fortune. That man's power was not in the arm that wielded the scythe, but in the brain that directed the movements of the arm.

The earthquake of Charleston, S. C., was indeed a powerful thing. But more powerful than this was the thought that proceeded out of the mind of Martin Luther when he at the head of the reformation caused the very foundation of Germany to tremble, and all Christian nations to feel the effect of his movement.

Every great upward movement in society has sprung from the brain of some leader. Such energies have thoughts that they create new epochs in history. No one can tell what great step will next be taken, because no one can tell what ideas will come into the mind of man.

The thoughts of a nation have been beautifully compared to the life of a tree. If you destroy the tap root by which the tree receives its nourishment, the tree is soon dead; its leaves fall off, and they are soon followed by its branches, and finally the tree itself falls. So it is with a nation; banish from our country the great thinkers, and soon our institutions of learning and of charity, our politics and our government itself will fall away and perish.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

Whar de medder grass am creepin,
An de lubly roses nod,
Lays de darkies Poet sleepin
'Neaf de cole December sod;
White folks calls me "Old black nigger"
Yit I lubs him jes de same
As de one what sets his figger
On de big steamboat of fame,

Dat goes skipping down de ribber
Wid ez smokestacks tall and black
To de sea of de "Forebber"
And no passenger comes back.
We has hearts as well as others,
We kin be as brave and true,
Fur de white men is our brothers,
Only diference is de hue!

Let a nigger in his sorrow
Lay a flower on his grave
Fur de while he quits de furrow
An de toil of willin slave,
Comes and scorns de laws of races
Fur de nigger by hiz part,
And de culler ob de faces
Cuts no figger in de heart.

Huh de cole dews am a-drappin
Frum de lims above my head,
And de peckerwood am tappin —
Tappin on de hickry dead,
And de robin am a chantin
Bout de one dats dead and gone

And de Jay-bird comes a rantin
From de fields of yaller corn.

Eberything now gets a hustle
On itself but all alone,
By de gave of Irwin Russell
Is I lef to weep and moan.
White folks tells me dat I'm foolish,
But I hates de ones dat acts
Towards his mem'ry kinder coolish
An' den lies about de facts.

Say he was not sich er writer
As dese fools and ijuts siz,
An' dey shakes dere head, dey'd siter
Shet dere mouf and mine dere biz!
Had mo' sense in little finger
Dan all dem what thinks dat way,
In dis lan his songs shall linger
When dese fools am turned to clay.

Law! he knew de nigger's spirit,
And he read de nigger's heart,
Knew de music dat would cheer it
And he sholy did his part.
Talk jes' like de blackes' nigger
Dat a 'possum ebber ate!
An' now higher lays his figger
An' our lives am desolate.

Irwin Russell! I'm a nigger
But I'ze learned de way to love
And I hopes you cuts a figger
Wid dem sheriff folks above.
What's de difference twix de races?
All in heaven am kiff and kin.
Let de white man sing his praises,
Let de darkies all chime in.

—J. F. Dorroh.

LIEUTENANT SHIELDS *

Clifton, to you dearly beloved by all
I now would lift my humble voice in praise,
And tune my soul to sing melodious lays,
Of your life ere death o'er you spread her pall
And called you to walk in silent halls;
Yea, to the memory of you I raise
My voice to sing the sweetest melodies,
To sing in tones divinely musical.
Thou hast departed into eternity
Where heroes walk with stateliest stride,
Kindling the sacred love of truth and liberty;
But thy spirit with us still doth abide.
'Till some day ascending the celestial heights
We shall be clothed in immortality.

"I. POLA" (Millsaps '02)

*1st Miss Vol. Died of Yellow Fever Nov. '98.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. I. MAY, 1899. No. 7.

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF MILLSAPS COLLEGE.

H. B. WATKINS.....Editor-in-Chief
W. H. FITZHUGH (B. A., '97).....Alumni Editor
H. T. CARLEY.....Literary Editor
G. L. HARRELL.....Y. M. C. A. Editor
M. H. BROWN.....Exchange Editor
A. A. HEARST.....Local Editor
C. M. SIMPSON.....Assistant Local Editor

E. H. Galloway, Business Manager;
T. C. Bradford, B. E. Eaton, C. A. Alexander, Assistants.

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All matter designed for publication should be addressed to H. B. Watkins, editor-in-chief.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The meeting of the Oratorical Association at Natchez was an occasion of very great pleasure and interest to the colleges of the State.

Pleasure because the trip and the meeting were attended by so many incidents especially enjoyable. The people of Natchez proved themselves just as cordial, just as generous and just as hospitable as "we had heard they were" and all the college men came back full of

praises for Natchez and enthusiastic in their description of "a good time." The meeting between the colleges was very pleasant too and did much to strengthen the friendship between them.

The contest was one of very great interest and displayed much talent in composition and oratory of which Mississippi has no cause to be ashamed. These contests are certainly productive of much benefit in developing oratory, in encouraging the closest relations between the different institutions and in interesting the State as a whole in her colleges. The presidency of the association for next year falls to Mr. Thomas M. Lemly of our own college.

We wish for this association the very greatest, the most continued success and a life as long as the life of our colleges.

Mr. Harris Allen Jones '99 fills the place of the alumni editor for this number of THE COLLEGIAN, Mr. Fitzhugh being deep in the preparation to meet the Chancellor at Raymond on the 5th.

Yes, many of us students are voters. We have reached the required and long expected age of "twenty-one" and upon the registeres of our native counties have proudly enrolled our names entering ing with joy into the full flower of citizenship. At college we hear a great deal about the duties and responsibilities of citizen hip and many of us have indulged in orations and debates, many, upon the need of honest and unbiased voters who will "die" rather than cast a vote in opposition to their conceptions of right. It would be interesting to watch each other perform these duties after all these years of discussing this well discussed point. How soon will selfish motives influence our votes? Or will we carry with us into actual practice these principles and theories which we have advocated with so much eloquence and earnestness? Surely these princleples are sound ones and the practice of them are as necessary as we claimed and we believe that they will influence college men oftener than may be supposed. At any rate each of us will see for himself.

A great deal has been said recently in regard to the nature of the matter which should fill the columns of college papers and magazines. A good deal of criticism has been indulged in against those magazines which devote so much of their space to local to the exclusion of matter of a more general and more literary character—Now it seems to us that a happy medium should be the object where the size of the college will not warrant a Journal of both kinds. No college can well

afford to be without a periodical which affords to the students an opportunity of exercising whatever literary talents may exist among them and besides that the magazine becomes a very local sort of affair and very uninteresting to its "out of town" readers when filled up with personal college "snap shots" or with a multitude of local jokes. On the other hand the personal college matter is very essential if the interest of the students and of the Alumni is expected. It seems to us that the Alumni Department is of special importance and should be given a place of special prominence in every college organ. It is the very best means of keeping up the interest of the old student in his college and its monthly coming will carry him back to and revive his love for his alma mater as nothing else will. So we believe that no magazine fulfills its purpose which neglects either the local or the general or the literary quality of its columns.

Speaking of "mediums" reminds us of another subject which forcibly strikes one at college — Namely the different habits of college boys in regard to spending money. In this case it is refreshing to find a fellow who strikes a medium. On the one side the "sport" who blows in every available cent and more besides; who never hesitates to gratify his every desire tho it lead him into all manner of extravagance and tho perchance the expense be ultimately another's. The fellows soon get on to him and hesitate not to dub him "fool." But on the other hand the penurious fellow who will go to any extreme lest perchance he should have to spend a nickle; who shows his hand on every occasion where a moderate expense is necessary and fails to come up to what might be reasonably expected of him. The fellows soon "get on to him" and if his economy is really from necessity they recognize it and give him due praise. But nowhere is sheer penury more deprecated than at college.

So again the golden mean wins the praise. He who doesn't seem wild to spend his last cent and yet who is willing when he is able and the cause is a reasonable one to come up with his share is looked on as the ideal and will gain the admiration and respect of his colleg mates

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We appreciate the following from The New Orleans Christian Advocate. It closes with a suggestion that *we think* a fine one and one which we feel sure "our friends" will profit by:

"We are in receipt of a copy of the MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN, a monthly magazine issued by the students of Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss. It is a well-edited and neatly-printed periodical, and is an excellent mirror of the work, spirit, and happenings at the institution

mentioned. Some of the articles it contains would do credit to older heads. We suggest to the friends of the institution that they encourage the young men in this worthy enterprise by subscribing for their journal. The subscription price is $1 per year. All remittances should be sent to Mr. E. H. Galloway, Jackson, Miss."

A great many fellows go home as soon as Exams are over and miss all the pleasure of commencement. This is surely a mistake on their parts. True the attractions of home are great and it is natural to wish to get there as soon as possible. But it will hardly justify a man in giving up the interest and pleasure of commencement. As sure as you do go you will regret it. You will hear the boys talking for the next five years about the unusual pleasure of that special occasion. By going you give up the season of pleasure which you have won by a year's constant work, a season when all restraints are thrown aside and we can give ourselves purely to pleasure. Stay here and "enjoy yourself."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

Perhaps it will be interesting to the readers of THE COLLEGIAN to hear all about the class of '97. They were a popular set of fellows and made for themselves many friends here.

L. E. Alford (B.A.) was one of the first matriculates of Millsaps College. He was always noted for being a hard student, and a formidable competitor for class honors. He was an enthusiastic worker in his Literary Society, and on several occasions represented his Society with honor. Soon after his graduation he entered the ministry, as a member of the Mississippi Methodist Conference. And soon after entering the ministry he was married. He now has charge of the Methodist work at Westville.

D. G. McLaurin (B.A.) entered school in September, '93, the second year of the college, with the distinction of having won a prize of $10.00 offered for the most successful competitor in the entrance examination. His address is now 153 La Salle St., Chicago. He is attending a Bible and Training School in that city, preparing himself for a traveling secretaryship in the Y. M. C. A.

Geo. B. Power (B.A.) was another first-matriculate. His record in all departments of college work was such that no one was surprised when in his Sophomore year he took the "Orator's Medal", and in his Senior year the "Ligon Medal" for oratory. He is now a member of the Senior Law class of Millsaps College, and has been appointed by the Dean of the Law Department to represent his class on Senior Day.

Monroe Pointer (B.S.) was in every respect a successful and satisfactory student. During his Senior year in the Literary department he took, also, Junior Law. Since his graduation he has spent two years at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he has taken courses in bookkeeping and banking. He will soon start a mercantile business in

Como, Miss. We predict for him success in every way commensurate with his preparation.

W. H. FitzHugh (B.A.). This name has occupied its usual amount of space on the college register ever year since its opening. FitzHugh spent five years in the Literary Department, and this is his second year in the Law Department. He does not know definitely where he will locate yet.

W. B. Jones (B.A.) entered the class at Sophomore. His splendid preparation and his aptness in scholarship won for him the Junior "Scholarship Medal". He too was a great Literary Society worker. He is now a valuable employee in Hunter & Co.'s merchandising establishment at Hattiesburg, Miss.

W. W. Catching (B.A.) entered the college during the second year of her history. He was not afraid of work, and, from the start, was looked upon as one of the bright stars of the class of '97 He is now at home, spending the vacation given by Tulane University. He is a "first-course-man" in the Medical Department.

H. B. Caffey is an *interne* in the Vicksburg hospital.

R. H. Adams is now a traveling salesman with headquarters at Jackson.

P. K. Norman is clerking at Hazlehurst.

S. C. Sample is managing a large farming interest near Richland, Miss.

Wm. Percy Williams is a pedagogue at Beach Springs, his home town.

W. B. Vaughn is chief clerk in a dry goods establishment at Magnolia.

J. L. S. Rogers is now a prominent Pharmacist in this city.

Mr. E. P. Nesbit, together with Mrs. E. P., is sojourning in Texas now, for a while, recuperating his health.

E. B. Powell is now holding the trusty position of tester of electrical apparatus, in the employ of the Edison Heat, Light and Power Company, of New York City.

W. W. Ford is now a prominent business man at Pickens.

In the "passed" list of names issued by the State Board of Medical Examiners at its recent meeting, we note the following: T. M. Dye, R. B. Crisler, R. W. Harmon, and F. P. Shelby. Dye is a "second-course-man" at Tulane University; Crisler a M.D. from Memphis Medical College, and Harmon a M.D. from a school of medicine in Mobile. Shelby is a Memphis M.D. also.

T. E. Carmichael is engaged in farming, near Utica.

E. B. Johnson and E. A. Sigrest were given license to practice Pharmacy at the meeting of the Board of Examiners in the spring.

The annual meeting of the Alumni of Millsaps will be held in the college chapel Monday evening, June 19. We hope as many as possible of the fellows will be here.

OUR EXCHANGE TABLE.

We are here again to greet you friends, and we are greeting you for the last time this session. Our last issue will be a special commencement number, to which we will give up our department. Let us say however, that, we are glad to exchange greetings with "you all" and earnestly desire you to exchange with us ''next session."

Through an error on the part of the exchange editor we neglected to mention the fact that we received the Southern Collegian. We beg your pardon, Collegian. The Southern Collegian is an excellent magazine and we are glad indeed to exchange.

The Trinity Archive is at hand and has good matter between its covers. We enjoy reading the fiction so much. The Literary Notes never fail to interest us.

The Reveille is regularly received and regularly enjoyed. We notice how kindly the Reveille speaks of their opponents on the "diamond."

We are indebted to the Ring-tum Phi for some good reading matter.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the Jeffersonian.

The University Record has had much of interest in it and we have always enjoyed reading it.

The Howard Collegian again! This is a neat magazine and very interesting.

The Westminster Student has been received and duly appreciated. That *is* a "hard question" about the Dobyns family. But we shall not attempt an answer thereto.

We notice in the Whitworth Clionian that the young ladies were quite frightened by the fire near by. Well, we don't blame them, it is not "healthy" for "rosebuds" to be near a fire.

The Wofford College Journal is before us. This is an interesting issue.

We acknowledge the receipt of The University Unit, and, The Old Gold and Purple.

CLIPPINGS.

It appears that we are not the "only pebbles on the beach" when it comes to base-ball. We take the liberty to copy the following from the Ring-tum Phi:

"The devil was the first coach he coached Eve when she *stole first.* Adam *stole second*, when Isaac's servant met Rebecca at the well, she was walking with a *pitcher.* Sampson struck out a great many times when he beat the Philistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian. Cain made a base hit when he killed Able. Abraham made a sacrifice- The prodigal made a home run. David was a great long distance thrower. Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea.—Ex.

It should be added that Rebecca caught Issaa'c servant out at the well, and that Noah put the dove out on a fly.
Noah was the first sure pitcher — he pitched it within and without." And Solomon was captain of the team when he said, "Let us go forth into the field."—Colorado Collegian.

"I fear you are forgetting me,"
She said in tones polite.
"I am indeed for getting you,"
"That's why I came tonight."—Ex.

When a fellow gets a letter
From a maiden he divines
Many a precious little secret
Written in between the lines.

Funny, too, in Greek and Latin,
How we meet with like designs,
Strange how many happy meanings
Oft are read between the lines.—Ex.

They were playing, they said, at a practice game,
That they had oft played before,
And curious friends stood by and smiled,
And wondered which one would score;
But Cupid, as umpire, called the game,
With a clear and cloudless sky,
And the minister smiled as he hung out the score,
For the game had come out a "tie."—Ex.

We select this heart-rendering piece for the especial benefit of the "Athletes:"

Went to College,
Joined the eleven;
Played one game,
Went to heaven.—Ex.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

One of our graduates, Wharton Green, B.S., '98, played quite an amusing joke on one of the "dignified Seniors". It seems that the Senior, H. B. Watkins by name, had called to see a young lady friend of his, and our friend Green wishing to have some fun, blacked himself up, took his guitar and harmonica and prepared to serenade the young people. Of course they enjoyed the music and Mr. Watkins "felt called upon" to "tip" the "nigger" (?). It appears that he was "busted" for he only gave him a "dime". Now since "the joke is out" the "dignified Senior" wants to know where to find "the place to get his money back."

Mrs. Murrah has been quite ill for several days. We are all glad to know she is convalescent.

The "nine of '99" have succeeded in getting the faculty to give them examinations one week earlier than the regular schedule.

We regret to see Mr. J. H. Dorroh, '01, leave college just before "exams." However, he goes to take a good position, and we wish him every success.

We regret to know of Dr. Moore's sickness, and hope to see him in his accustomed place soon.

The following are some of the appointments of State Superintendent of Education Whitfield: Dr. Muckenfuss to teach Science in the Normal at Biloxi; Prof. Weber to teach English at Columbus. Prof. Bailey is an Institute instructor.

The geology class had a very pleasant trip up Pearl river in Dr. Muckenfuss's naphtha launch. The B.S. Juniors will be treated to a similar trip the 22d instant.

Mr. Weber delivered a lecture before the 20th Century Club in Vicksburg on the 26th instant.

Mr. Weber was elected a member of the Executive Committee of the State Historical Society.

The Galloway Society recently elected the following officers, who will serve until the close of the present session: B. E. Eaton, President; T. E. Marshall, Vice President; W. A. Williams, Recording Secretary; W. M. Langley, Assistant Secretary; L. W. Felder, Critic; R. A. Clark, Chaplain; C. W. Thigpen, Sergeant at Arms.

The anniversary occasion which took place on the night of the 5th was quite a success. All seemed to enjoy it. We were glad to have a number of our friends from Mississippi College with us on that occasion and we hope they will come again.

The Lamars have recently had their hall nicely repaired on the inside—had a nice ceiling put in and the walls white coated. The officers whom they have elected for this the last quarter are: A. W. Dobyns, President; M. H. Brown, Vice President; T. M. Lemly, Secretary; W. W. Holmes, Censor; J. F. Galloway, Treasurer; H. T. Carley, Chaplain.

The Galloways have elected as speakers for their next anniversary occasion, which comes off next term, E. H. Galloway, First Orator; R. A. Clark, Second Orator; J. T. McCafferty, Anniversarian. We feel assured that the Society will be well represented with these men on the program.

Prof. W. L. Weber, our English teacher, will deliver the annual address before the East Mississippi Female College at its approaching commencement. We are sure the girls have something rich in store for themselves.

T. M. Dye was a welcome visitor on the campus while the State Board of Medical Examiners was in session. He passed the examination and was granted license to practice.

Capt. J. W. Canada, of Memphis, who left college in '96-'97, was with us for a few days recently.

C. S. Webb, of McComb City, a prominent member of the Freshman class last session, attended the exercises of the Galloway anniversary.

J. T. Lewis went to Greenwood on the 1st to assist in a concert

given by the ladies of that city. Before returning to his duties he spent several days with relatives in Yazoo City.

The many friends of "Bob" Ricketts are glad to see him back with the home-folks. He has recently returned from Hattiesburg, where he very successfully filled the chair of first assistant in the High School during the past session.

Dr. Murrah attended District Conference at Carrollton.

We are glad to hear that Vick Robbins will soon be with us again. He has been in New Orleans and Vicksburg for several weeks, undergoing treatment for weak eyes.

College boys are ever ready for anything sensational. But we are seldom treated to such a genuine sensation as we were on the 14th inst. Mr. B. B. Parker, a popular member of the Sophomore class, surprised even his closest friends by launching into the blissful sea of matrimony. The fortunate bride is Miss King, one of South Jackson's prettiest and most attractive young ladies. The ceremony took place in Brandon, where, in company with another couple, they had gone, presumably, for a drive. In the name of THE COLLEGIAN and the student body we offer congratulations.

"Fresh"—What are "Sinews of War"?

Harris Allen—Ashes, of course. "Cinders" is only a poetical term.

Freeland Magruder left a few days ago for his home in New Orleans. Suffering from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism he was unable to continue his work in the Sophomore class. We sincerely hope he will recover in time to return before "final exams."

The law class are busy preparing themselves to meet Chancellor Conn at Raymond on the 5th of June. Millsaps graduates a bright class of fifteen from the law department this year. The class have done fine work and are well up.

Mr. A. W. Dobyns entertained the Kappa Alpha boys at an elegant dining on the evening of the 11th at his home on State street. This dining was given complimentary to Dye and Canada visiting brothers.

All the boys want to know and insist that our Exchange Editor,

Mr. Marvin Brown should send "Miss Foster" her copy of The Scroll with due apologies.

Mr. George Boyd Power, B.A. '97, LL.B. '99, will represent his class with an oration on Senior Day at commencement.

One hundred of us went to Natchez to the contest. We did have a fine time too. We returned by no means laden with medals but feeling proud of our Speakers "for a' that." Messrs. Lewis and Lemly report much pleasure in their meeting with the members of the association.

After an evening of Star gazing last week the astronomy class enjoyed very much a delightful ice cream supper with Dr. Moore. Little Miss Mary as "Waitress" performed her part very gracefully. The only mystery about the cream was *how Brogan* "got on to it."

Mr. Leonard Wall has entirely recovered and is in his place again. Mr. Dobyns handles the Nitric acid bottle carefully.

Millsaps College will have two Summer Schools in Jackson this summer. One is to be taught by Messrs. Harrell and P. Wall at the college, and the other by Messrs. Clifton and Watkins at Epworth Hall in the city.

Graduating Gifts...

Our stock will be found complete in everything suitable for Graduating Presents. We enumerate a few articles: Gold Watches, Diamond Studs, Watch Chains, Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Watch Fobs, Rings, and, in fact, everything usually found in an up-to-date jewelry stock .....

Buck & Holder,
Jewelers.

Base Balls

We guarantee The Official College League Ball to last a full game: and will replace all which show defects in material or workmanship. Balls that are allowed to become wet will not be made good. Spalding's Balls are made by Reach, this ball is made by Reach and is made of exactly the same materials with same workmanship.

It can be bought for **$1.00**

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Dentifrices—Every reliable one on the market.
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Our Spot Cash system enables us to paralyze competition.

Chris Herbert,
Wholesale and Retail Drugs, 306 East Pearl Street.

THE FACULTY.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. I. JUNE, 1899. No. 8.

THE FACULTY.

President William Belton Murrah is Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy. He was graduated with the A.B. degree from Southern University in 1874, and the same year joined the North Mississippi Conference. During 1882–'84 he was Principal of the Winona High School and from 1886, until in 1892 he was called to the Presidency of Millsaps College, he was Vice-President of Whitworth College. Dr. Murrah was a member of the 1890 Ecumenical Conference and of the 1890, and 1894, and 1898 General Conferences. Last year in Baltimore President Murrah was chosen General Secretary of Education, but to the great satisfaction of all friends of Millsaps College he declined the position. Centenary College conferred on him the degree of D.D. in 1887; Wofford College the degre of LL.D. in 18 7.

William Lander Weber, Professor of English, received the degree of A.B. from Wofford College in 1886, that of A.M. in 1888. After spending two years as instructor in the Bingham School and one year as student in Johns Hopkins University, he served as Acting Professor of English in Southwestern University (Texas), whence he was called to his present position on the opening of Millsaps College in 1892. Professor Weber is a member of the Executive Committee of the State Y. M. C. A., and of the State Historical Society; District Vice-President of the Interdenominational S. S. Association; member of the Faculty of the State Normal at Columbus.

George Crawford Swearingen, Professor of Latin and Greek, was graduated with the degree of A.B. from Emory College in 1888. In 1892 he received the degree of A.M. from Vanderbilt University, and the same year was chosen to his present position. In 1895 he was given a fellowship by the University of Chicago and spent the year as a member of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome. While in Europe he took opportunity to visit Athens and other important points in Greece.

Anthony Moultrie Muckenfuss, Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Physics, received the degree of A.B. from Wofford College

in 1889 and the degree of A.M. in 1890. After very successful experience as teacher he entered the Johns Hopkins University, where he made special study of Chemistry and Mineralogy. In 1895 the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred on him. He is a member of the Faculty in the Biloxi Normal.

James Adolphus Moore, Professor of Mathematics, received the degree of A.B. from Southern University in 1880 and A.M. in 1881. The same year he joined the Alabama Conference. During 1882–'94 he was Professor of Mathematics in his Alma Mater; in 1888 he received the degree of Ph.D. from the Illinois Wesleyan University. When in 1894 he was called to Millsaps College he was transferred to the Mississippi Conference.

James Park Hanner, Jr., Professor of Modern Languages and of History, received the degree of A.B. from Vanderbilt University in 1894. He was at once called to work in Millsaps College, and two years later was advanced to his present position.

Edward Mayes, Professor of Law, was graduated in 1868 with the degree of A.B. from the University of Mississippi. In 1869 he received the degree of LL.B. He has served his Alma Mater as Professor of Law, Chairman of the Faculty, and Chancellor. In 1882 Mississippi College conferred on him the degree of LL.D. Dr. Mayes has occupied many positions of honor and profit in the practice of his profession.

Robert Scott Ricketts, Headmaster of the Preparatory Department, received the degree of A.M. from Centenary College in 1870. During 1867–'73 he was connected with Port Gibson Female College as President and as Professor. Thence he went to Whitworth College, where he remained until 1894, when he was called to his present position. Professor Ricketts has always been prominent in the councils of the Church, and is a Steward of the First Methodist Church.

Edward Latta Bailey, Assistant Master, received the degree of B. S. from Mississippi College in 1892. He had taught in the Jackson City School two years when he was called to work in Millsaps College. Professor Bailey is County Examiner in Hinds County. He is director of the Vicksburg Normal and instructor in County Institutes. He is also a member of the Executive Committee of the Law and Order League.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

The Charter of Millsaps College provides that there shall be eight Trustees from the Mississippi Conference and eight from the North Mississippi Conference. It is further provided that Bishop Galloway shall be President of the Board so long as he is resident in Mississippi.

It is to be regretted that it was impossible to get a photograph of every Trustee, so that the accompanying group might be complete.

The Board as now constituted is as follows:

The North Mississippi Conference—J. B. Streater, merchant, Black Hawk; D. L. Sweatman, lawyer, Winona; J. R. Bingham, merchant, Carrollton; Dr. W. G. Sykes, planter, Aberdeen; Rev. S. M. Thames, Macon; Rev. R. M. Standefer, Oxford; Rev. J. W. Malone, Grenada; Rev. T. W. Lewis, Corinth.

The Mississippi Conference—Rev. Dr. C. G. Andrews, Meridian; Rev. Dr. W. C. Black, New Orleans; Rev. A. F. Watkins, Vicksburg; Rev. W. B. Lewis, Yazoo City; Major R. W. Millsaps, banker, Jackson; John A. Lewis, manufacturer, Meridian; Peter James, planter, Yazoo City; I. C. Enochs, manufacturer, Jackson.

HISTORY—FRESHMAN CLASS, 1899.

Robert Bennett, McCalls Creek; member of Galloway Literary Society.

Harvey Kemper Bubenzer, Bunkie, La.

Webster Millsaps Buie, Brookhaven; Kappa Alpha, member of Lamar Literary Society, contestant for the Oscar Kearney Andrews medal.

Walker Brook Burwell, Ebenezer; Kappa Sigma.

Henry LaFayette Clark, Yazoo City; Kappa Sigma.

Yerger Hunt Clifton, Jackson, Kappa Alpha.

Samuel Irving Cochran, Lizelia; Tau Delta Omicron, member of Galloway Literary Society.

William Larkin Duren, Blockmonton; Secretary of Galloway Literary Society, also Monthly Orator; winner of the Oscar Kearney Andrews medal '98-'99.

Alfred Moses Ellison, Jackson.

Francis Marion Featherstone, Jackson.

Lewis Rundell Featherstone, Jackson.

Gerald FitzGerald, Friars Point; Kappa Alpha.

George Marvin Galloway, Canton; member of Lamar Literary Society.

John Jay Golden, Vaughans.

John Howard Grice, Tryus; Auditor of Galloway Literary Society; contestant for the Oscar Kearney Andrews medal.

Frank Eugene Gunter, Enpora.

Leonard Hart, Jackson.

William Wadell Heidleberg, Heidleberg; member of Galloway Literary Society.

Oscar Sidney Hopkins, Hickory; member of Galloway Literary Society.

John Blanche Howell, Canton; Kappa Sigma; contestant for the Oscar Kearney Andrews medal.

Floyd Turner Hunter, Waterproof, La.; Tau Delta Omicron.

THE CLASS OF 1902.

Hugh Walker Jenkins, Pearce; member of Lamar Literary Society.

Pope Jordan, Benton; Tau Delta Omicron; Preparatory Scholarship Medalist 1897-'98.

Robert Timberlake Kemp, Canton; Kappa Sigma.

William Marvin Langley, Abbeville; Secretary and Treasurer of Class; member of Galloway Literary Society.

George McCallum, Edwards.

Hamilton Gordon McGowan, Eatsville; member of Galloway Literary Society.

Anselm Joseph McLaurin, Jr., Jackson; Kappa Sigma; contestant for the Oscar Kearney Andrews medal.

John Hugh McLeod, Hattiesburg; Kappa Alpha; Class Poet.

Rufus Martin Middleton, Yazoo City; member of Galloway Literary Society.

Edward Walthall Nall, Jackson; Kappa Alpha; member of Lamar Literary Society.

Edward Franklin Roby, Durant; member of Lamar Literary Society.

Walter Thomas Rogers, Le Conte; contestant for the Oscar Kearney Andrews medal.

Claude Mitchell Simpson, Cameron; Assistant Local Editor of COLLEGIAN; member of Galloway Literary Society.

Otis Otkins Summer, Lumberton; member of Galloway Literary Society.

Charles Wyatt Thigpen, Lake Como; member of Galloway Literary Society.

Allen Thompson, Kentwood, La.; Tau Delta Omicron; Class Historian and Orator; contestant for the Oscar Kearney Andrews medal; member of Lamar Literary Society.

Arnon Lynn Thompson, Grange; Kappa Alpha.

Marvin Enoch Thompson, Grange; Kappa Alpha.

George Rousseaux Thompson, New Orleans, La.; Kappa Sigma.

James Albert Vaughan, Vicksburg.

Thomas Binford Watkins, Water Valley; President of Class.

Edgar Wasson Waugh, Goodman.

James Erastus Williams, Clarksburg.

Walter Albert Williams, Charleston; Kappa Alpha; Vice-President Class; contestant for Oscar Kearney Andrews medal; member of Galloway Literary Society.

HISTORY OF SOPHOMORE CLASS.

The Sophomore Class of 1898-'99 was composed of twenty-eight members; an excellent number, a more excellent quality. Taken in alphabetic order, they are as follows:

George Robert Bennett, Camden, Miss.; who is a member of the Galloway Literary Society, the Tau Delta Omicron Fraternity and President of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Robert Adolphus Clark, Kosciusko, Miss.; a loyal member of the Galloway Literary Society, of which he was President one term, and an excellent Y. M. C. A. worker.

John Hazzard Dorroh, Madison, Miss.; a member of the Galloway Literary Society, Tau Delta Omicorn Fraternity and Y. M. C. A.

John Sharp Ewing, Harriston, Miss.; a staunch and worthy member of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

Samuel Lamar Field, Madison, Miss.; a member of the Galloway Literary Society, Tau Delta Omicron Fraternity and Y. M. C. A.

Luther Watson Felder, Topisaw, Miss.; a member of the Galloway Literary Society and Y. M. C. A.

Albert Langley Fairley, Jackson, Miss.

Angelo Albert Hearst, Shrock, Miss.; a member of the Galloway Literary Society and Y. M. C. A.; Local Editor Collegian 98-99.

James Albert Hammack, Pocahontas, Miss.; a member of the Lamar Literary Society and Y. M. C. A.

Leon Catching Holloman, Jackson, Miss.; a member of the Lamar Literary Society and Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

Romulus Thomas Liddell, Fayette, Miss.; a member of the Lamar Literary Society and Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

John Warren McNair, Brookhaven, Miss.; a member of the Lamar Society and Y. M. C. A.

James Boswell Mitchell, Lewisburg, Va.; a member of the Galloway Literary Society, Kappa Sigma Fraternity and Y. M. C. A.

Harvey Thompson Mounger, Vicksburg, Miss.; a member of the Lamar Literary Society and Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

Levin Freeland Magruder, New Orleans, La.; a member of the La-

THE CLASS OF 1901.

mar Literary Society, Kappa Sigma Fraternity and Y. M. C. A.

James Thomas McCafferty, Chester, Miss.; a member of the Galloway Literary Society and Y. M. C. A.

Nathaniel Vick Robbins, Vicksburg, Miss.; a member of the Lamar Literary Society, Kappa Sigma Fraternity and Y. M. C. A.

William Owen Sadler, Corinth, Miss.; a member of the Lamar Literary Society, Tau Delta Omicron Fraternity and Y. M. C. A.

Hamilton Fletcher Sivley, Jackson, Miss.; a loyal member of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

Harry Prentiss Sneed, Kosciusko, Miss.; a member of the Lamar Society and Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

Clarence Neil Smylie, Meridian, Miss.; a member of the Lamar Literary Society, Kappa Alpha Fraternity, and the first President of Sophomore Class.

Stennis Thompson, Meridian, Miss.

Holland Otis White, Carthage, Miss.; a member of the Galloway Literary Society and Y. M. C. A.

Garland Quinche Whitfield, Jackson, Miss.; a member of the Lamar Literary Society and Tau Delta Omicron Fraternity.

Ebbie Ouchterloney Whittington, Gloster, Miss.

Edwin Burnley Ricketts, Jackson, Miss.; a member of the Lamar Literary Society and Y. M. C. A.

Benjamin Barr Parker, Jackson, Miss.; who made a radical departure from college life. Success to him as a husband.

The debaters from the Galloway Literary Society, Messrs. Mitchell and McCafferty, and the representatives of the college at the Chautauqua, Messrs. Mitchell and Whitfield, are of the Sophomore Class. The Galloway Literary Society and Faculty are to be congratulated for discovering and recognizing the ability of the Sophomores.

BARNEY EDWARD EATON, HIST.

THE JUNIORS.

Thomas Cook Bradford, Meridian; a member of Galloway Literary Society; Assistant Business Manager of THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN '98-'90. A Bill Collector.

Marvin Holloman Brown, Heathman; member of the Lamar Literary Society; a Tau Delta Omicron; Exchange Editor MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN '98-'99; Anniversary Orator '98-'99; Speaker in Whitworth Debate '97-'98. Fighter.

Thomas Wynn Holloman, Phoenix; Tau Delta Omicron; member Lamar Literary Society; Com. Debater '98-'99; Exchange Editor MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN '99-'00; Speaker in Whitworth Debate '97-'98. Woman's Rights Champion.

Stephen Luse Burwell, Ebenezer; a Kappa Sigma; President Tennis Association '98-'99; Litera y Editor MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN '99-'00; Class Historian. Heart Breaker.

Morris Andrews Chambers, Brookhaven; Tau Delta Omicron; a member of Lamar Literary Society. Female College Professor.

William Thomas Clark, Yazoo City; Kappa Sigma. A Tennis Champion.

James Ford Galloway, Calhoun; Tau Delta Omicron; member Lamar Literary Society. A Treasurer.

Ethelbert Hines Galloway; Class President; Kappa Sigma; member Galloway Literary Society; Business Manager MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN '98-'99; Editor-in-Chief MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN '99-'00. An Editor.

Clarence Norman Guice, Natchez; Kappa Alpha; member Lamar Literary Society; Oscar Kearney Andrews Medalist '97-'98. A Flirt.

William Walter Holmes, Kipling; Tau Delta Omicron; member

THE CLASS OF 1900.

Lamar Literary Society; Gunning Medalist '98-'99. A Bishop.

William Lee Kennon, Jackson. A Scientist.

Thomas Mitchell Lemly, Jackson; member Lamar Literary Society; President Y. M. C. A. '96-'97; Anniversary Orator '94-'95; Inter-Collegiate Orator, Natchez, '98-99; Declaimer Medalist '96-'97 A Lawyer.

Henry Polk Lewis, Jr., Jackson; member Galloway Literary Society. A Preacher.

Thomas Eubanks Marshall, Carrollton; member Galloway Literary Society. A Soldier.

James Asgill Teat, Kosciusko; Kappa Alpha; member Lamar Literary Society; Com. Debater '98-'99. Best known as "Babe". A Politician.

NINE OF NINETY NINE.

The Senior Class consists of nine dignified young fellows, whom Millsaps is turning out upon the world with many anticipations of a bright future for each one. Fain would I give you a detailed history of all these great and good men, telling you of their great deeds of the past and foretelling their glories of the future, but a mere enumeration must suffice. So I will introduce to you

Mr. William Edward Mabrey Brogan, B.A., Vosburg. Class Orator, a Tau Delta Omicron, a member of the Galloway L. S., Anniversarian '98-'99, Com. Debater's Medalist '96-'97.

Then comes Mr. Henry Thompson Carley, B.A., Bolton. Class Poet, a Kappa Sigma, a member of the L. L. S., Com. Debater's Medalist '97-'98, Literary Ed. of THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN '98-'99 and a Sen. Orator.

And now Mr. Ashbel Webster Dobyns, B.A., Jackson. Class Essayist, a Kappa Alpha, a member of L. L. S. and a Sen. Orator.

Next comes Mr. George Lott Harrell, B.S., Bear Creek. President of Class, a Tau Delta Omicron, a member of L. L. S., Y. M. C. A. Ed. of THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN '98-'99, Pres. of the Scientific Ass'n. '98-'99, Pres. of the Y. M. C. A. '97-'98.

I now introduce Mr. Harris Allen Jones, B.A. Class Treasurer, a member of the Galloway L. S., Anniversary Orator '98-'98.

Mr. John Tillery Lewis, Ph.B., Vice-Pres. of Class, comes next. A Kappa Sigma, a member of the Galloway L. S., Anniversary Orator '96-'97, Com. Debater '97-'98, Inter-Collegiate Orator, Natchez, '98-'99, Gymnasium Instructor '96-'99, Senior Orator and Senior Medalist.

And here is Mr. Edward Leonard Wall, B.A., Jackson. Class Prophet, a member os the L. L. S. and Asst. Instructor in Latin.

THE CLASS OF 1899.

Another Wall is Mr. Percy James, Jackson. Class Secty. and Instructor in Prep. Greek.

And last of all comes Mr. Herbert Brown Watkins, B.A., Jackson. Class Historian, a Kappa Alpha, a member of L. L. S., Anniversarian '98-'99, Ed.-in-Chief of THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN '98-'99, Alumni Ed. of THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN '99-'00, Treas. of Athletic Assn. '96-'99, Com. Debater '96-'97, Senior Orator.

COMMENCEMENT.

Commencement began in earnest when on Friday morning the freshmen, declaimed to a large and appreciative audience. The contest showed up some good talent which in coming years we doubt not will make the halls of Millsaps ring with eloquence. Mr. W. L. Duren was so very fortunate as to walk off with this medal.

On Friday night the Annual Commencement debate was held. The question as to whether we should adopt a policy of expansion was warmly contested by representatives of the Lamar and Galloway Literary Societies. Messrs T. W. Holloman and J. A. Teat of the former holding the affirmative and Messrs J. B. Mitchell and J. T. McCafferty holding the negative. The discussion was one of the best ever heard at Millsaps and was a source of much enthusiastic interest and profit to the audience. The negative however won and Mr. J. B. Mitchell "didn't do *a thing* to the medal." Mr. Mitchell is all kinds of an orator.

Saturday morning the contest for the Oscar Kearney Andrews medal took place which contest was also listened to with great delight by quite a large audience. Mr. G. Q. Whitfield with his speech on "*Imperialism*" won the medal much to the gratification of his many friends.

On Sunday morning at the First Methodist Church in Jackson, Bishop Candler of Georgia, preached our Commencement sermon. He preached from the text of Col 2 chapter, 8th, 9th and 10th verses. This was one of the grandest sermons we have ever heard and we are sorry if you did not hear it.

On Sunday night Rev. Dr. Bolling of Shreveport preached in the First Methodist Church before the Y. M. C. A of our college. Dr. Bolling is a great preacher and it was a great pleasure to have him with us.

On Monday morning Bishop Candler delivered the Annual Literary Address before a large audience at the First Church. His subject was the "Universal Peace Treaty" and his speech was a grand piece of eloquence and was thoroughly enjoyed.

TAU DELTA OMICRON (LOCAL).

On Tuesday morning the Seniors had their time. Orations were delivered by Messrs Henry Carley, Webster Dobyns, J. T. Lewis and H. B. Watkins in contest for the Ligon medal. Mr. Lewis with his oration "The Philosophy of Life" carried off this beautiful and valuable prize. After the contest the diplomas were delivered and the baccalaureate address delivered by Dr. Murrah in his own impressive and eloquent style. The day was one of much pleasure, pride and enthusiasm mingled with sadness at the thought of the "*Good-byes*" which must so soon be said.

Messrs J. B. Mitchell and Garland Whitfield will represent Millsaps in the Inter-collegiate contest at Crystal Springs during Chautauqua this summer and we expect to win that medal too.

On Tuesday morning the Alumni Association of our college met in the Y. M. C. A. hall and held their annual election of officers and provided a program for their celebration next commencement. The officers are President, W. H. Fitzhugh '97, Vice President R. B. Ricketts '99. The program for next commencement will consist of an address by J. T. Calhoun '96 Columbia, Miss., an essay by W. B. Jones '97 of Hattiesburg, Miss.

During commencement we had many distinguished visitors whom it always gives us pleasure to welcome. There were present many of our enthusiastic young Alumni who seem not to have forgot their olden love for Millsaps College.

The death of Mrs. J. P. Hanner the wife of our honored teacher of modern languages, was a sad sorrow to us all. Mrs. Hanner by her gentle and thoughtful nature had won the sincere and hearty friendship of many of the Millsaps students as she had taught to love her all others who knew her well. She died on Sunday morning during commencement and was laid away by loving hands in the city cemetery monday afternoon. To her many loved ones especially to the sorrowing young husband, our teacher, we extend our heartfelt sympathy and love.

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W. H. FITZHUGH (B. A., '97).....Alumni Editor
H. T. CARLEY.....Literary Editor
G. L. HARRELL.....Y. M. C. A. Editor
M. H. BROWN.....Exchange Editor
A. A. HEARST.....Local Editor
C. M. SIMPSON.....Assistant Local Editor

E. H. Galloway, Business Manager;
T. C. Bradford, B. E. Eaton, C. A. Alexander, Assistants.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

With this issue THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN bids adieu to her many friends, and with the closing of the session retires with mingled gladness and regret to her "summer resort" to rest up.

But we say "Good-Bye" only for a while. When the summer has passed quickly away, as summers sometimes do, and again into our college halls rush back the tides of students, then shall we come again ready for a year of hard, hard work. We have tried our best this year, and we have no apologies for our past, but after all it is to the future that we look with greatest hope. Next year Mr. Ethelbert Galloway will direct our efforts, and under his guidance we expect to attain much success. You who return to Millsaps come ready to help us out, and you who enter into the active fields of life remember us still and hold out your helping hand to us.

To all of our friends we wish a summer of happiness even beyond anticipation ,and a life of untold success. Goodbye!

"THE COLLEGIAN" STAFF.

SHENANDOAH ROMANCE.

N. V. ROBBINS.

PART III. AND END.

Then there was a perfect stillness.

Will made an effort to speak, but only muttered a word or two ever and anon, which were hardly audible.

The crowd had gone back to their rooms, or were well on their way, when Kendricks, who had secreted himself near for the purpose of aiding his friend, came forward and took the cloth from the eyes of the young orator, who found, much to his chagrin, he had been addressing his eloquent words to tomb stones and dead people, both of which he regarded as unappreciative audiences.

After a hand-shaking and a hearty laugh, as only college men can give, indulged in by both, they turned their steps to "Old North".*

The next morning there was a smile on the faces of many of the upper classmen.

Jennings had established his reputation as a grave-yard orator.

Time sped on, and Will Jennings was rapidly pushing his way to the front; each day he grew in popularity among the great body of students.

Although Will was greatly absorbed with his college duties and responsibilities, as other college men sometimes do, he still found time to carry on with the girl in Virginia a correspondence of great regularity.

Yes, every week's mail brought him a letter with a feminine superscription thereon, with the postmark of Leeville, Virginia.

He was lazily lying on the grass one afternoon when a letter was handed him.

He hastily tore it open and set about reading its contents.

His bright and happy countenance assumed a more serious look. He was worried, as his chums now saw.

"Why, brace up, old fellow; don't take life so seriously; it will be all right, no doubt", said Lawrence Travis, one of his most intimate friends.

May had announced that her father, from ill health, had suffered a financial reverse, and was becoming, because of this, very morbid.

* "Old North College", or Nassau, one of the dormitories on Princeton, which was when built the largest building in the world.

Their home, she thought, would have to go, and then they would leave the community.

Being such a proud family, and occupying such a high social position, to be, then, reduced, was more than they could bear.

It was, therefore, decided to move beyond the pale of human acquaintances, into another State.

His heart arose within him, and sent his blood tingling through his veins. Oh, that he might assist them in their sad misfortune, and set them aright again!

Time went on, and each week's mail was watched eagerly for a letter, which seemed now not to be coming.

He was not able even to ascertain where the family had gone.

At last it dawned upon him that May, proud as she was, supposed him desirous of discontinuing the correspondence, and wanted to relieve him of the inconvenience of saying so.

But she was wrong in such a supposition. She possessed the same charms as before, and if such were possible he loved her more. He would write, and should he find her he would tell her so.

Commencement was at last come, and Will, as President of the class, delivered the class address.

He had made the highest average of the year, and was publicly awarded a token of that distinction.

The day was soon at hand when Will was to depart for home, and there were many who shook his hand with tears in their eyes, and with tremors in their voices bade him adieu and happy vacation.

At last he was at home, and with what pride and happiness did his old father and mother behold their boy, and with what paternal joy they watched his every movement.

But vacation was soon over, and back to old Princeton, which seemed almost as dear a place as home, he returned.

As to the remainder of Will's college life, suffice it to say he covered himself with glory, and it is said there was never a more lovable character or one whose popularity was more universal connected with the University.

But school days gave place to the more serious duties of life, for which they are but preparatory.

Will entered at once upon the study of law, and soon had his profession.

Then the tocsin of war sounded on the American continent for as bloody a war as is recorded in historic annals. The war between the States had begun, and Will, in obedience to Duty's call, enlisted in the Southern army.

He was made captain of a Virginia company which was organized near his home.

ALPHA UPSILON CHAPTER OF KAPPA SIGMA.

ALPHA MU CHAPTER OF KAPPA ALPHA.

Captain Jennings was, before many months had passed, thrice promoted.

He had now assumed command of as fine a body of men as ever drew a warrior's steel or answered a bugle's call.

It was during the memorable valley campaign that one of the bloodiest conflicts that war annals record took place. In this battle Colonel Jennings' regiment was engaged, and while the colonel was directing the fire of his men, with the cannon balls bursting around and the death-dealing "minnie-balls" whistling around him, he saw a colonel fall from his steed.

The fellow died so bravely, and like the soldier that he was, that Col. Jennings despatched a body of men to take the corpse and place it where it would not be further mutilated until the shades of evening would bring the battle to a close.

At length the firing ceased, and as soon as conditions permitted, the colonel rode over to his dead comrade.

A search in the pockets of the man revealed the startling news to Col. Jennings that the dead soldier was none other than Col. Keaton, the father of May Keaton, whom he remembered as his sweetheart of long ago, and whom he had not heard from in so long.

The Keatons had emigrated to Texas, partly for the father's health, but especially because of pecuniary embarrassment. Mr. Keaton had taken a high stand in his new home, and at the outbreak of war was made colonel of a Texas regiment.

There was also found a note in his possession which asked in his daughter's name that should he be killed or wounded he would be brought to the little town in Texas where he lived alone with his daughter. The request was granted, and that soldier who was as gallant as ever wore the gray was escorted by a guard of men to his home, where his home-coming had been looked for so long and earnestly by his daughter.

A short note was sent by Col. Jennings to the orphan May, the contents of which none other besides her saw.

At the close of the war, though the terrible hand of devastation had swept the once beautiful Southland, and the colonel found his home in ashes, there was in his possession a marked degree of determination to convert the path of a cruel devastation into a land to blossom as the rose. He set to work, as did many of the Southern people, to recover his lost fortunes.

It is needless to say success was his reward, and before many months the Texas home had been leased and May Keaton came back to old Virginia, the home of her childhood, to add her beauty to the home of Colonel Jennings.

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Our stock will be found complete in everything suitable for Graduating Presents. We enumerate a few articles: Gold Watches, Diamond Studs, Watch Chains, Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Watch Fobs, Rings, and, in fact, everything usually found in an up-to-date jewelry stock .....

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